September, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

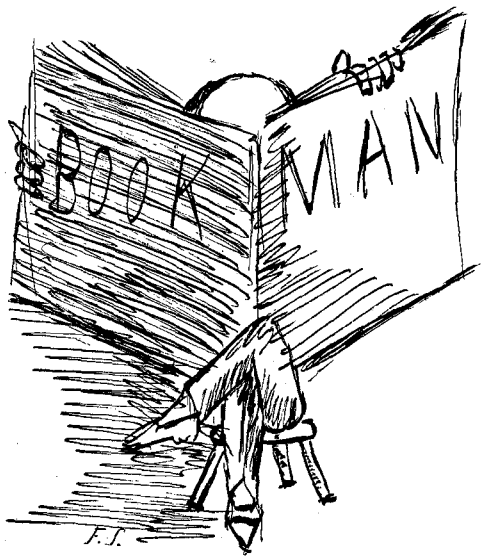
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Explanation.

The opening paragraphs of Chronicle and Comment in the August number of THE BOOKMAN told a story involving a manuscript and a book that were each based on certain episodes in the life of a great English poet. The story and the very definite charge of plagiarism came with such directness, and was accompanied with such strong evidence of its truth, that we printed it without that verification which we admit it should have received. Since, however, we have secured from the publishers of the novel certain dates and figures which put the matter in a very different light. These dates and figures cannot possibly be questioned. They prove conclusively not only that the author of the published novel did not plagiarise from the submitted manuscript, but that she could not possibly have done so. They show that the novel had not only been written, but had actually been set up in type before the manuscript had been received by the publishing house in question. These dates and figures are completely convincing. In consequence, we are more than willing to express our regret for the publication of the story. THE BOOKMAN has been seriously misled into making an imputation against a well-known author, and perhaps by implication against the integrity of an established and honourable publishing house. Any such construction was not, however, contemplated as possible by the writer of the paragraph.

Our Turn Next.

In a black fit of jealousy we have just smitten the August number of the *Critic* with our fist. It contains a photograph of Judge Parker holding a copy of the *Critic* in his hand, right side up, the letters clearly visible, not fanning himself with it, but reading it, the legend says. For the moment he is not looking at its pages, but his eyes though averted from the text are still ablaze with intellectual excitement. And only last week he was holding *Collier's*, and assuming an ethical expression and a frown of earnest purpose as if some day he might send another telegram or read



JUDGE PARKER IN HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

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another number of *Collier's* and so be a hero again. Are we to blame if this stings us? We shall not ask him to hold THE BOOKMAN, though if he ever does hold it we cannot deny that it will make a difference in our feelings and at the same time produce an excellent photograph, not only of the magazine's cover, but of the candidate's features, which, at that instant, we have no doubt, will be strangely transfigured by an inner light. Or if it does not occur to him to hold THE BOOKMAN in his lap it may perhaps occur to him to be taken when, as is his monthly practice, he is galloping forth to buy THE BOOKMAN, on the steed so well known from newspaper description, tearing through the streets of Esopus with no hat, while the stolid villagers merely say, "There goes the Judge after his BOOKMAN." We do not ask it. We merely think it ought naturally and casually to happen to us without any overtures, as it did to those other magazines.

Kipling's Commentators.

It is always interesting to follow t comment, written and oral, on Mr. Ki ling's verses, for t power of his name forc them upon a class of pe ple who read no other p etry. Criticism of verse usually com from more or less literary folk who no and then hold a volume of it in the hand, but "Things and the Mar is cabled straight to everybody's breal fast table and is read and talked of b the most primitive and barbarous. Th most frequent comment is that they "can make out what he is getting at." Never theless, they read every word, when the would not read the first line of any othe poet whose meaning laid any demand o the imagination. The wonderful thin about Mr. Kipling's verses is that the compel at least this degree of attentio from people who in like poetical circum stances go to sleep. Hence the naïvét of much of the criticism. The "brigh

From Will Rothenstein's Lithograph. WALTER PATER.

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young man" on the morning newspaper "has fun" with each of its metaphors by the machine-like process of taking them literally. What are "the grinning teeth of things" and how can you "launch a van?" The man who sits next to you wants light on the sentence "Things never yet created things." There is a standard of clearness set up on these occasions which if applied generally would leave us nothing but "Evangeline," "Horatius at the Bridge," and "Ringlets, Oh Ringlets" and an evidence of thought-pressure comparable only to the anxiety caused by Mr. Markham when he wrote "Whose was the hand that slanted back that brow?" It will be remembered that Mr. Markham explained. How he did explain! Up and down the country, in and out of readers' clubs and mothers' meetings, wherever two or three had met to think, Mr. Markham was there explaining. Mr. Kipling never will explain and those who do it for him are no friends of his.

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Pater Enthusiasm.

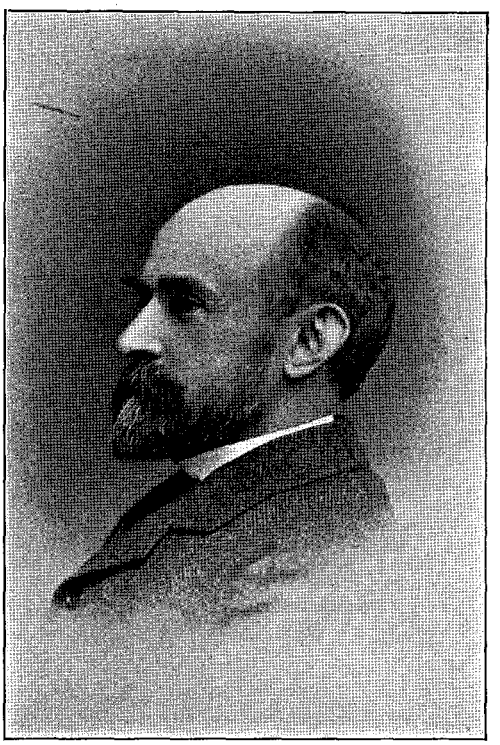
Mr. George Moore in his "Avowals" now running in the Pall Mall Magazine, writes very imaginatively of Walter Pater's style, which he calls "the most original in literature."

"Pater's style, more than any other style, springs from his manner of thinking. He wished to exhibit a mind full of wistful uncertainties, a mind that slowly unwinds, like soft silk, with many a pause, and with hesitation and some fear, and this is why he wrote each sentence on a separate piece of paper."

And he says of Pater's *Imaginary Portraits* that whoever reads it in the right mood

"—will experience a delight not to be found anywhere else, in literature, in painting or in sculpture; nor will his enjoyment be the enjoyment that he experiences in music though it will be more akin to that enjoyment than to any other. While he reads this book it will seem to him that he is listening to music, for the book breathes a natural music, the music one hears in Maytime when—to quote the same old Irish poet again—'the harp of the forest sounds music.' Methinks Pater desired the ear more than any other sense. Has he not said, in an incomparable passage, that the tendency of all arts is to aspire to music?"

It has been a long time since we have heard from devout members of the Pater



JOSEPH B. BISHOP.

cult, whose somewhat mystical note was once common enough. Nowadays the allusions to Pater are apt to be a little incredulous, sometimes indeed half-sneering. We recall one essay that denied all merit in Pater because the writer could see none himself. He spoke as if Pater were a house that was once reputed haunted. Inattention to style is characteristic even of the best essayists to-day and corresponding bluntness of perception in this matter is characteristic of the critics. Hence the general verdict on the passage quoted will be that it is moonshine. It seems a pity, for surely it is better to see too much than to see nothing. A genuine Pater transport is rather refreshing just now, when there is so much merely negative criticism.

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Joseph B. Bishop.

Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, the author of *Our Political Drama*, reviewed in another column, has long been known as one of the foremost leader writers of the New York daily press. He was born in 1847, graduated at Brown University in 1870, and began his newspaper work on the

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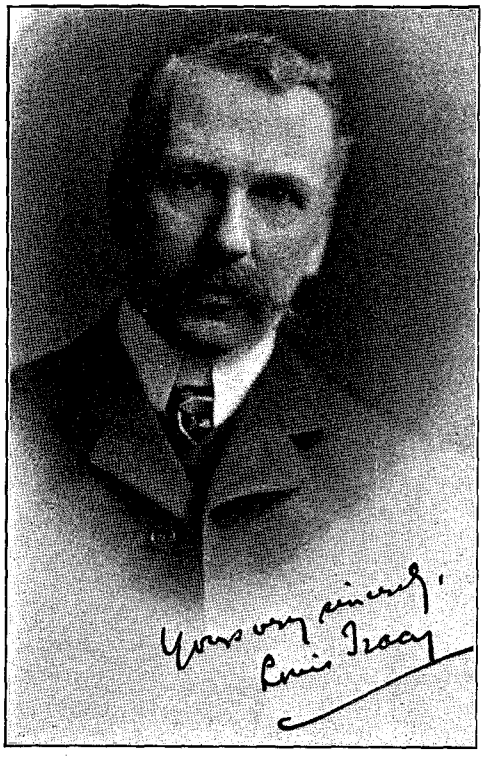

New York *Tribune,* remaining on its staff from 1870 to 1883. In the latter year he became an editorial writer on the New York *Evening Post.* He is at present the chief leader writer on the *Globe,* formerly the *Commercial Advertiser,* having joined its staff a few years ago, when the paper passed under different management and was reorganized. His newspaper articles have been influential and widely quoted. His work on behalf of Ballot Reform when he was on the staff of the *Evening Post* was especially noteworthy. For more than twenty years, between 1880 and 1902, he was the American correspondent of the *London Daily News.* He has written extensively for the magazines, and during the past four years has written regularly for the *International Quarterly Review.* In 1892 he published a book on *Cheap Money Experiments.*

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Mr. Louis Tracy.

Mr. Louis Tracy, author of *The Wings of the Morning* and *The Pillar of Light,* is a native of Yorkshire, England, forty years of age. He was educated privately in England and in France. In 1884 Mr. Tracy toc up journalism, which he followed a nur ber of years as owner and editor of new papers in England and India, and in 18(bought the *Evening News* of London, conjunction with the Harmsworths. M Tracy has travelled extensively on tl Continent and in the East and has mac three trips to the United States. He a most ardent lover of the sea. At h home in the famous old town of Whitb on the North Sea, he is a volunteer men ber of the Coast Guard and is very activ in assisting them when occasion arises– which on that treacherous coast is ofte What Mr. Tracy is most proud of is th feeding of three and one-half millior starving Londoners in the winter of 189. For six weeks he ran twenty-three sou kitchens unaided, and expended $45,00(

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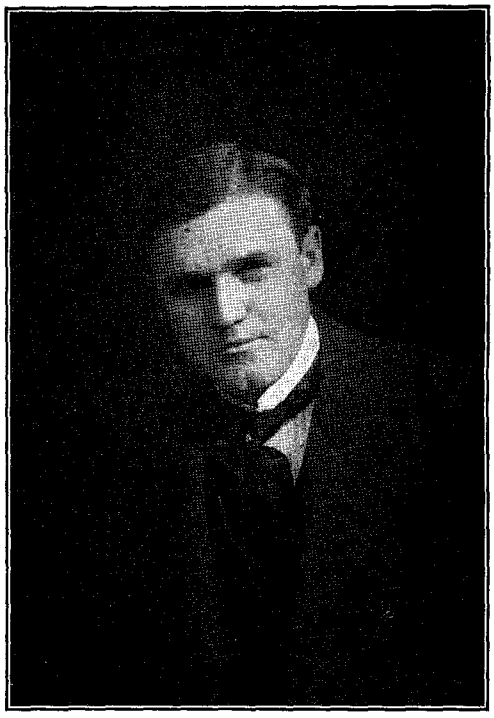
Norman Duncan.

Some years ago Mr. Kipling gave ver emphatic expression to his admiration o the sea tales of Frank T Bullen. Recently Mr Bullen, so to speak passed this praise along to Mr. Norman Duncan. "I have not the slightest notion who or what he is;" wrote



HARRY LEON WILSON.

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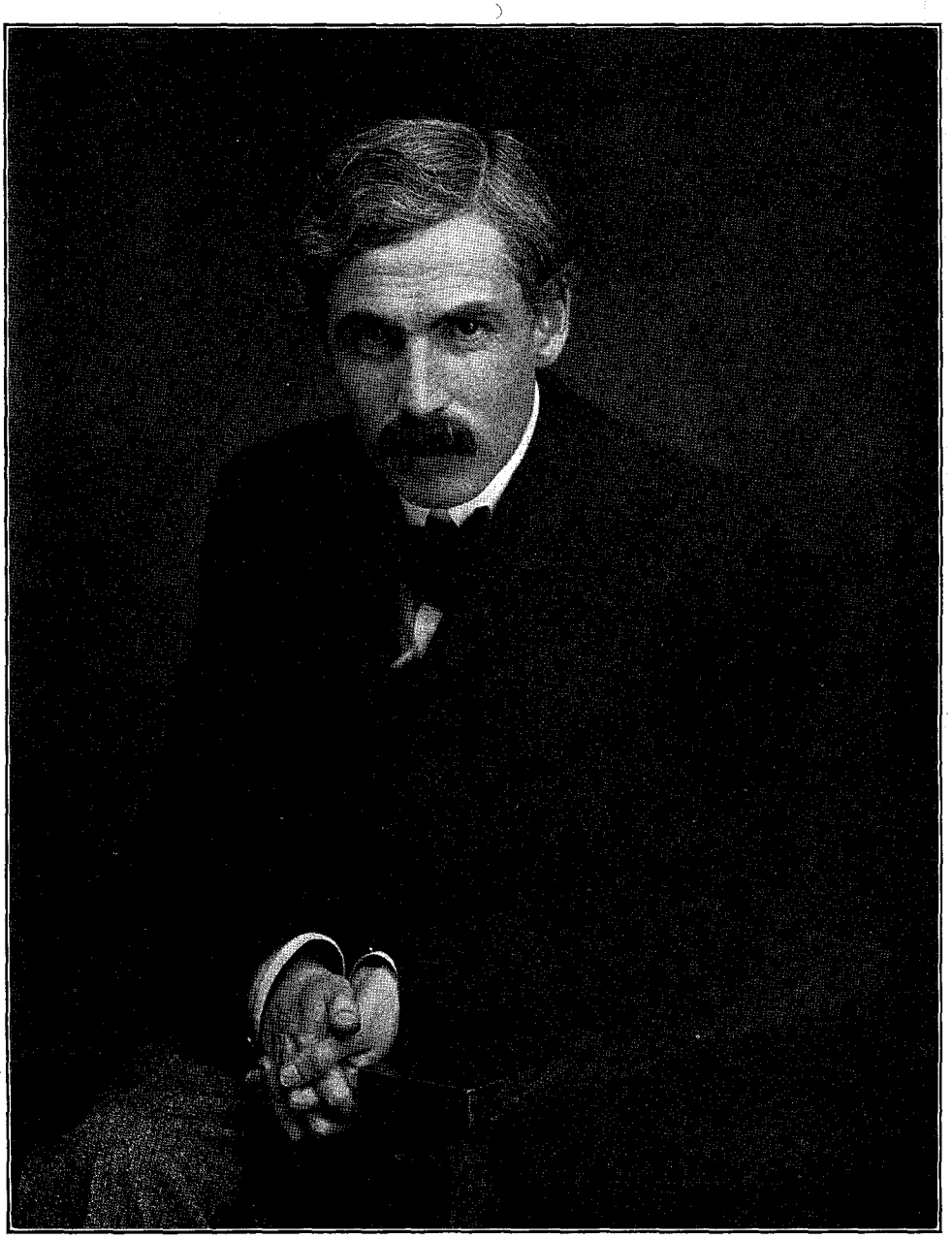
Mr. Bullen in a foreword to the British edition of *The Way of the Sea.* "But I am absolutely certain that with the exception of Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Rudyard Kipling no one writing about the sea has ever probed so deeply and so faithfully into its mysteries as he has. The bitter brine, the unappeasable savagery of snarling sea and black-fanged rock bite into the soul as acid eats into the engraver's plate, while one reads. You feel the corroding salt eating into the cracked hands, the blistering cold gripping the marrow, the silent endurance of ills unspeakable." THE BOOKMAN had something to say about Mr. Norman Duncan at the time of the appearance of his first book, *The Soul of the Street,* a volume of stories about the Syrian colony at the lower end of New York city. Mr. Duncan's forthcoming book, *Dr. Luke of the Labrador,* will have sub-



NORMAN DUNCAN.

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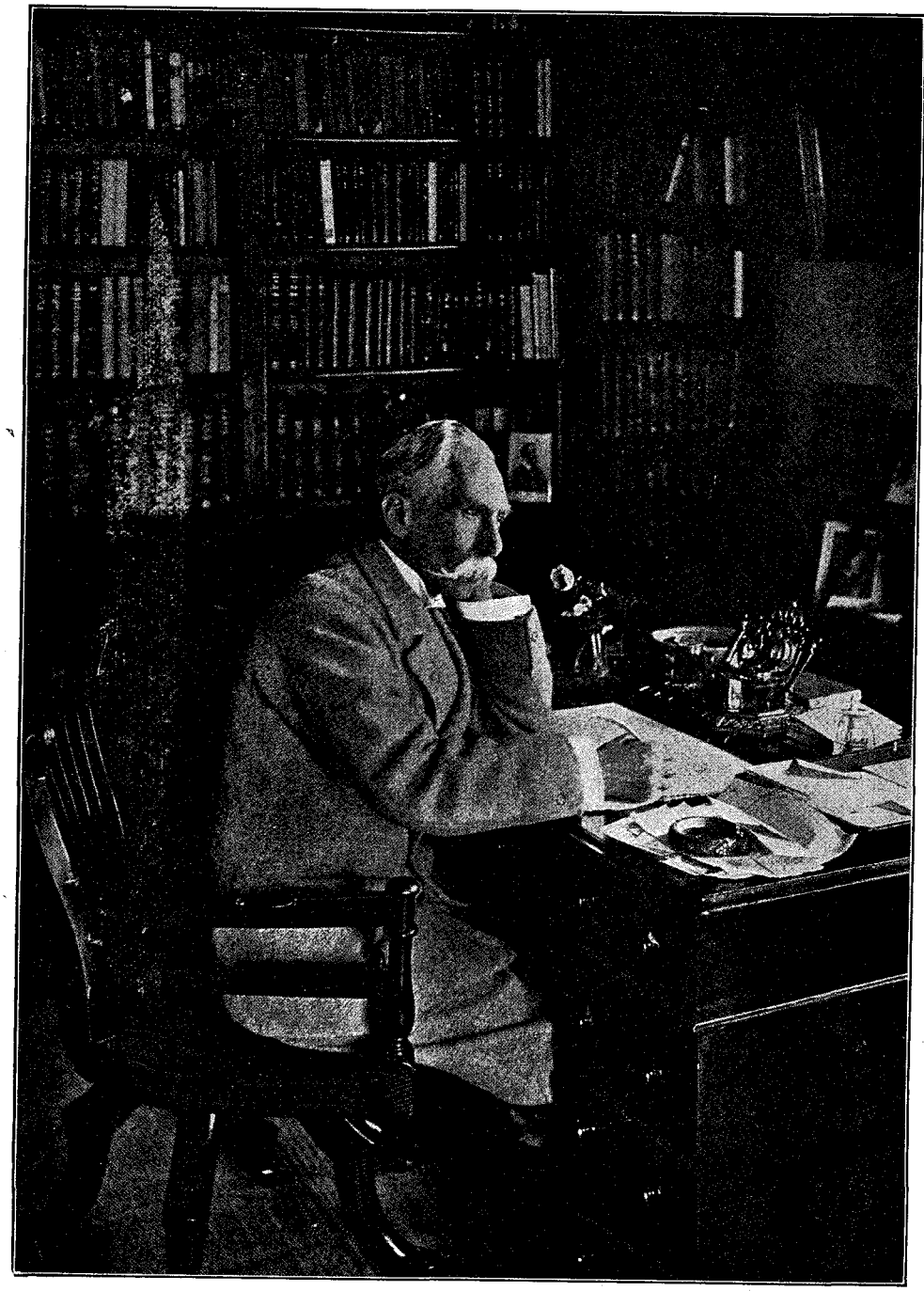

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ENGLAND'S LAUREATE.

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stantially the background as had *The Way of the Sea.*

The Historian of Zola.

Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly, the author of *Emil Zola; Novelist and Reformer,* reviewed elsewhere in this number, is a son of the late Henry Vizetelly, and was born in London in 1853. He received his first schooling at Eastbourne, Sussex, being afterwards transferred to the Lycée Impérial Bonaparte in Paris, where he studied with many who have achieved distinction in French literature, science, art, and politics. Henry Vizetelly was at that time the Paris representative of the *Illustrated London News.* In this work his son Ernest was already assisting him when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. Thanks to American papers furnished by Mr. Washburne, young Vizetelly left Paris in the midst of the siege and making his way into western France wrote a series of articles for the *Pall Mall Gazette,* describing the great defeat of the army of the Loire at Le Mans and the subsequent desperate retreat. At the conclusion of the war he returned to Paris, where he remained through the Commune, experiencing some stirring adventures. Later he became a resident newspaper correspondent in France. In 1881 his father established his publishing business in London and the younger Vizetelly took up the duties of Parisian representative of the house. He initialed many of the books issued by that firm, and did a large amount of work for it anonymously as a translator and an editor. He did not, however, make the translations of Zola's novels published by his father, though when the latter was prosecuted for them in 1888-9, he endeavoured to take a good deal of the blame upon himself. A little later, for the purpose of effacing any stigma attaching to that affair, he made it his task to bring Zola before the British public again. He did so with *La Débâcle,* and subsequently translated all the books produced by Zola until his death, besides preparing new English versions of many of the novelist's previous writings. He had known Zola in earlier years, and he now became very intimate with him, assisting him in various ways, notably at the time of the Dreyfus agitation.

From 1870 to 1893 all Vizetelly's writings appeared anonymously. They included translations from Tolstoi, Gogol, Malot, Ohnet, Gaboriau and Boisgobey; versions of some 18th century French classics; a rendering of the famous pastoral *Daphnis and Chloe;* an account of the Siege of Paris written in conjunction with his father, and a popular volume on "Gordon and the Mahdi." He also edited the English Bibliophilists' edition of the *Heptameron of Margaret of Navarre,* and some of the posthumous writings of E. C. Granville Murray, besides rectifying, for his father's edition of Hamilton's *Memoirs of Gramont,* some scores of errors which he detected in the translation ascribed (perhaps erroneously) to Sir Walter Scott. Since 1893 Vizetelly has put his name to a biography of the Chevalier d'Eon, an inquiry into the legend of *Bluebeard,* a narrative of Zola's exile in England and three novels, *The Scorpion,* a romance of Spain; *A Path of Thorns,* a story of French life, and *The Lover's Progress.* The last, which was at first published anonymously—an American edition being issued in 1891—is largely of an autobiographical character. Vizetelly, now in his fiftieth year, lives very quietly at Merton, Surrey. All the time he can spare from his literary work is given to his garden, where he grows vegetables for his household. This is not a mere hobby on his part, but is based on the view that mental toil requires to be supplemented by physical exertion, in order that good health may ensue. By his marriage, more than a score of years ago, to the "Hesperis" of his book *The Lover's Progress,* Mlle. Marie Tissot, of Albens, Savoy, Vizetelly has three daughters and a son, the last of whom has taken to mechanical engineering.

According to Mr. Vizetelly, most of Zola's money was lavished on his property at Médan, of which a picture is here presented. To the original house he made many additions, building at one time a large square tower in which he fitted up a spacious workroom where most of his later books were written. This first tower was built with money derived from *L'Assommoir* and was known as L'Assommoir tower. A second large tower was erected out of some of the proceeds

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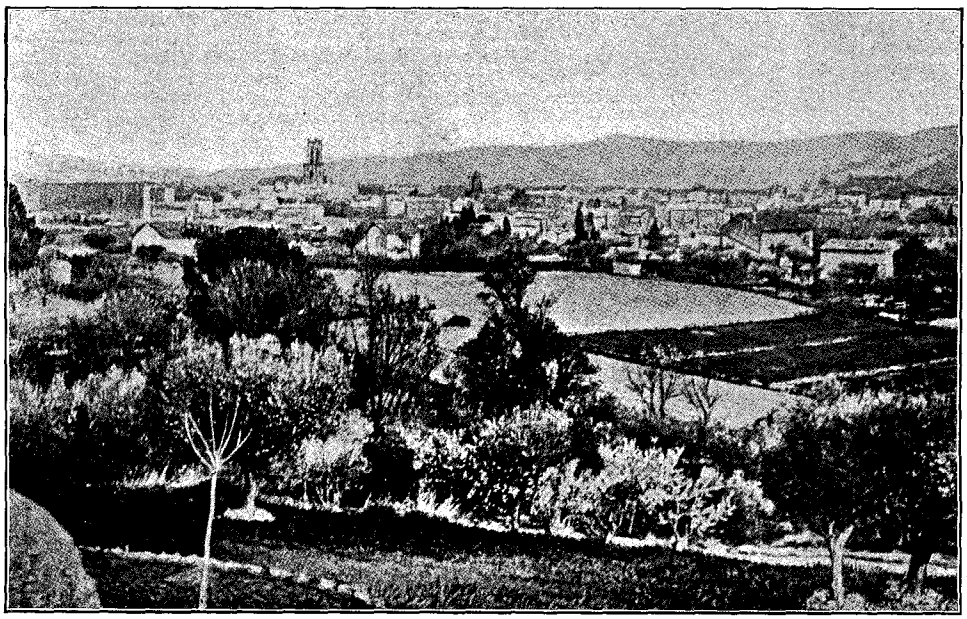
ZOLA'S HOME AT MÉDAN, SHOWING THE "ASSOMMOIR" AND "NANA" TOWERS.



AIX-EN-PROVENCE, THE PLASSANS OF THE ROUGON-MACQUART.

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ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

of *Nana* and various other improvements were paid for by *La Terre and La Débâcle*. In the end Médan naturally became, from an architectural point of view, an exceedingly strange looking place.

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Sex Discussion in the "Independent"

We can no longer repress our admiration for the courage and perseverence of the New York *Independent* in the field of "sex problems." For years we have followed the various controversies between man and woman in its pages with pleasure and astonishment, and though we are still without a policy and without settled convictions of any sort on this subject, we have derived from that magazine the main part of what we know about the causes of woman and her cure. There is a lull just now following a frank triangular debate, in which a young woman who signed herself "A Bachelor Maid" spoke in a harsh and sneering way of the men who had proposed to her and of her friends' husbands and of babies and of broiling beefsteaks, and so passed naturally to the overthrow of marriage as a human institution. Just in the nick of time, however, Mrs. Marion Harland sprang forward and saved it, incidentally rebuking the "Bachelor Maid," but it began to totter again in the week following, when "Philosophical Bachelor" declared that marriage was not for him. He was a Doctor of Philosophy (degree from a German university!) and he complained that so many women wanted to marry him that he dared not sign his name. When he did sign it, proposals choked the mails. Meanwhile the editors kept their heads and wrote assuaging little leading articles admirable in their *sang froid*. This is only one of many instances. No other magazine in this country has ever approached the *Independent* in the abundance or quality of this material. Naïve, refreshing, intensely personal, verging at times upon ferocity, but never resulting in actual disaster, these controversies can be commended to all whose minds are not yet made up on the great question once propounded in its columns: "What shall we do about woman?"

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One does not easily forget these things. We can recall phrases or incidents of sex controversies in the *Independent* dating

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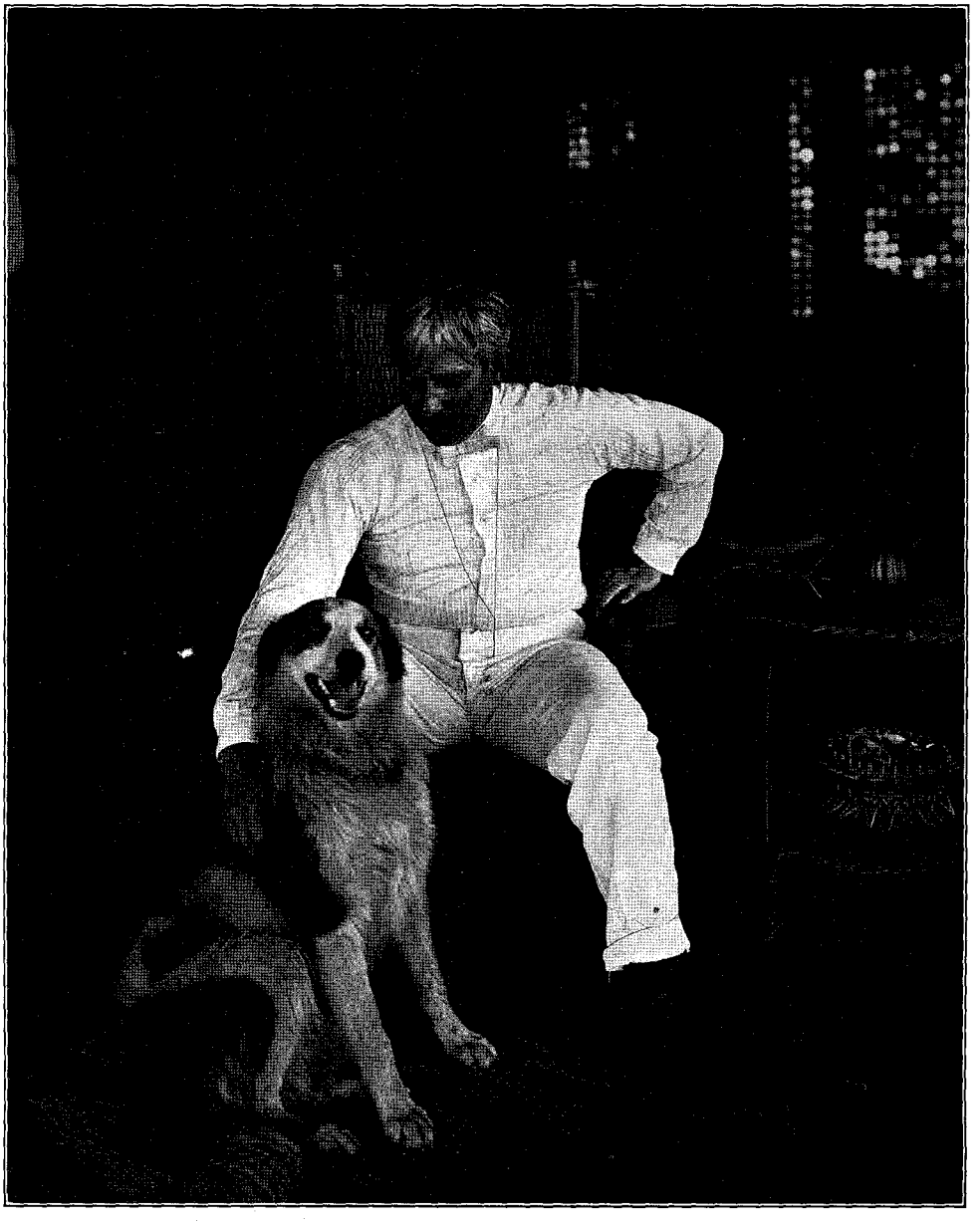

MR. IRVING BACHELLER, HARD AT WORK.

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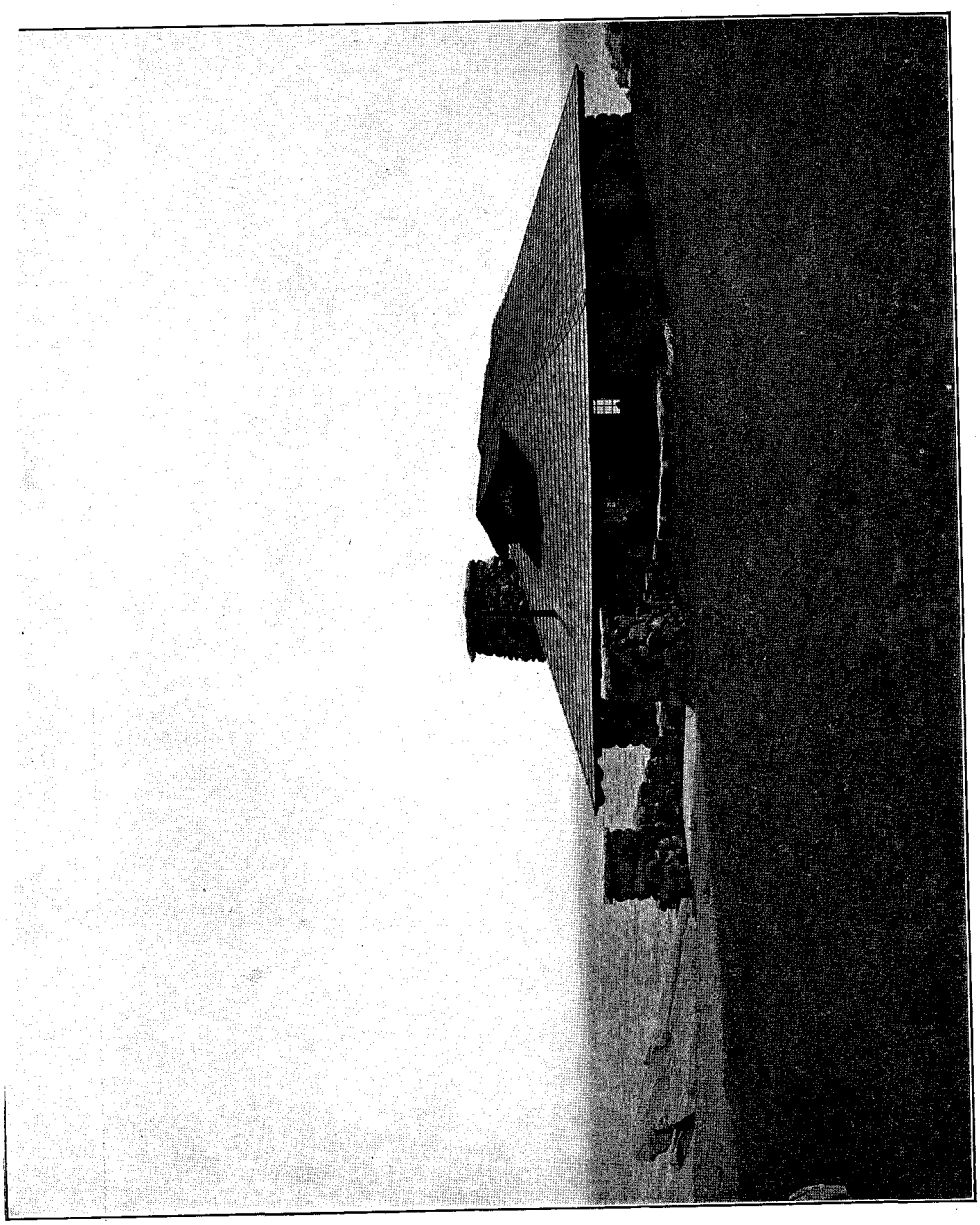

MR. BACHELLER'S DEN AT SOUND BEACH, CONNECTICUT

Underneath this den there runs a dark tunnel strangely suggestive of the *oubliettes* of the Middle Ages, or of low, black, rakish piratical craft. If one is to give imagination free play one cannot avoid picturing Mr. Bacheller offering the hospitality of this den to some hostile reviewer or some wicked publisher. At the sinister hour of midnight a button is pressed, the floor rolls back and the unfortunate victim is tumbled into the dark swirling waters beneath, and never heard of more.

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from long ago. There was, for example, the man who put this question fairly before the readers of the *Independent*: "Are women to be flowers or vegetables?" The effect of these words was instantaneous and terrible. Stung to the quick, one woman after another retorted, never ceasing till they had hammered the very hominism out of him. And here is another phrase that somehow will not leave us: "The important problem of motherhood cannot be solved without a parallel solution of the equally important problem of fatherhood." That sentence is more than four years old, and yet it is as fresh in our mind to-day as it ever was. We do not hesitate to say that it is excellent journalism and that to encourage people who have "views" on the subject to come out with them is an act of benevolence to all the rest of us. We like their certitude and their wrath and the enormous span of their generalisations and the little swallows that make their summer. They do, too, and they write on these subjects with a zest that is altogether winning and they ought by every means in an editor's power to be egged on.

Dark Views of the British Stage.

English dramatic critics are in despair over the state of the London stage. In the latest of Mr. William Archer's "Real Conversations" which ought to have been headed "Alone in London," Mr. Walkely, the critic of the London *Times*, finds himself cut off from all human sympathy with the British playgoer, sees the ruin of all his hopes in the triumph of musical comedy, notes with gloom the collapse of the dramatic "Renascence," revives a little at the name of Barrie, but sinks again at the thought of opera-bouffe. The "Renascence" dates precisely from the moment when Pinero

RIVAL EDITORS: MR. AND MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR.

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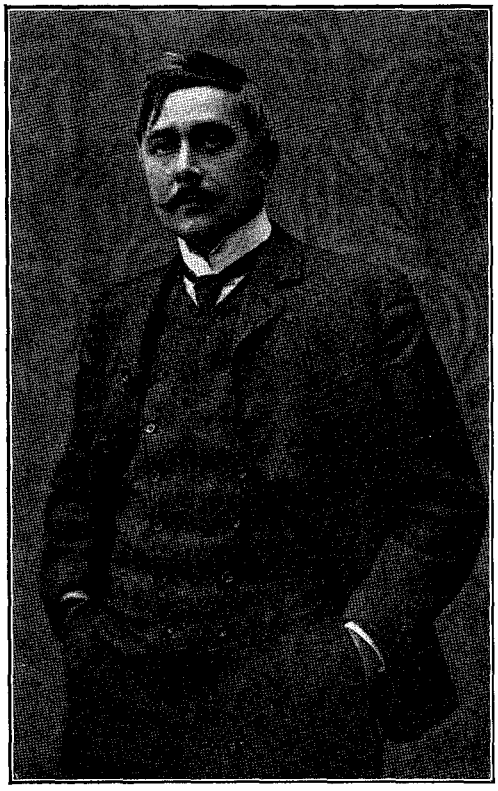
gave the finishing touch to *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.* Indeed the "Renascence" was Pinero, as nearly as we can make out, and since Pinero is by no means dead, that great movement should still be going on. But there is the musical comedy, and the queue of fashionable carriages at every "vile and idiotic show." He believes the English drama is permanently submerged in musical comedy. It is like the sadness that comes upon you in a summer in New York after a round of the roof-gardens and summer shows, and it merits sympathy, for London has been overwhelmed in the height of its season with things that New York takes to only when its population is reduced to those who are too poor to get away or too irrational. But bad as they are, these things will surely pass, like a cloud of locusts, and are not worthy of such wide generalizations. Meanwhile Mr. Walkely writes to the Paris *Temps*:

"It is unfortunately true that our public has become more and more gross in its tastes, that it is less and less disposed to make in its hours of leisure the necessary effort to yield that measure of concentrated attention which all drama, worthy of the name, exacts. It shows itself consequently more and more recalcitrant to the theatre of ideas, more and more inclined to turn from serious plays towards frivolous entertainments. For the great majority of English theatre-goers the ideal spectacle is that which demands no effort of the intelligence or of sustained interest."

This is true of "the great majority" of American playgoers, but as our managers learned last season, there is a very important minority for whose tastes they sometimes aimed too low, to their own discomfiture; and in their recent announcements there is a distinct promise of better things and a sign that they are willing to try experiments that formerly they would brush aside as "too intellectual." Mr. Max Beerbohm's despair is more picturesque. He prints imaginary extracts from the London newspapers announcing the closing of all the theatres by royal decree for a period of ten years, and describing the great delight occasioned thereby to all friends of the drama. Even the players themselves sorrowfully acquiesce, admitting its wisdom and justice.



MAURICE MAETERLINCK.
Courtesy of *The Twentieth Century Home*

"Paragraph in 'Daily Telegraph,' 15 April."

"Some affecting scenes were witnessed yesterday at Liverpool Docks, where many actors, actresses, playwrights, costumiers, wigmakers, dramatic critics and refreshment contractors were waiting to embark on the emigrant ship. It was noticeable that, though there were many tear-stained faces in the crowd, and many 'longing, lingering looks' were cast back at the old country, not a man or woman uttered a word of complaint. As the great ship sailed majestically out of the harbor, the emigrants were heard to sing, 'God Save the King.'"

Mr. Cary's Horace.

Under the title of *Horace: His Life Friendships and Philosophy, as Told by Himself,* Mr. Clarence Cary has arranged in chronological order all the passages in the works of Horace that bear on the poet's life and given along with the Latin version an unrhymed metrical translation in which he endeavours to follow with the utmost

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closeness the phrasing and even the order of the original. Though printed only for private circulation, it is already in much demand and has been widely commented upon by Horatians, who, while they cannot refrain from an occasional suggestion of a better way, commend it on the whole very heartily. Their suggestions, however, seem in some instances to overlook the writer's express announcement that his English renderings are in no wise meant as equivalent English poems and that elegance and smoothness have been deliberately subordinated to exactness in reproduction. It is hardly fair, for instance, to compare, as one reviewer does, Dryden's rhymed version of the famous ode to fortune with Mr. Cary's avowedly literal translation. In fact, if Mr. Cary had written

> Fortune that with malicious joy
> Doth man her slave, oppress,
> Proud of her office to destroy
> Is seldom pleased to bless,

and the lines that follow, we might applaud him as a charming poet on his account, but should find him quite faithless to his declared purpose. A review will appear in a later number.

The "Saturday Review" and Mr. Churchill.

The lesson that the London *Saturday Review* draws from *The Crossing* and from the success of Mr. Winston Churchill's other books is the decline of taste in the United States since 1850. It does not deny that even in that golden age books of less merit were sometimes popular, but there was no such evidence of general corruption as is afforded by Mr. Churchill's extraordinary vogue. From this it flashes to the seemingly inaccessible conclusion that if Hawthorne were writing now there would be fewer people to read him. Even in its review columns the *Saturday Review* is still implacable. Its comments on all matters that concern this country retain the same spirit through all the changes in its staff, in the days of its feebleness as in the days of its strength. Dull or clever it still must dislike us, and what it used to do wittily and often with the sting of truth it still attempts now that its teeth are drawn. The passing of the old *Saturday* has always seemed to us the most melancholy fact in the history of British periodicals, and to this day we are among the few Americans who revisit its ruins for the reminiscence of an ancient thrill; for say what you like, we enjoyed its deepest thrusts, outraged in patriotism, perhaps, but pleased mightily in some other part of us. Good invective answers a spiritual need and the edge of satire has too high a literary value for any one to be glad to see it disappear, even when his country is the object of it. The reason why the *Saturday* breaks this butterfly on the wheel is because he is an American butterfly and may be used to prove the intellectual decline of this continent. It is intelligible as part of the "policy." It likes to think of that decline. But why is it that people who have no such motive and would prefer to take a cheerful view find it necessary to despair of the popular taste whenever books of this class meet with success?

The greater part of Mr. Churchill's readers belong to a class which in 1850 would not have read at all. Mr. Churchill's gains are not Hawthorne's losses any more than the public of Mr. Hall Caine is stolen from Shakespeare's constituency. The ancestors of many Churchill readers could neither read nor write. Others did read, to be sure, but mawkish, unwholesome stuff, such as Thackeray described when he recommended *Tom Jones* to the feminine public of his day as a corrective—an absurd thing for him to do, for people cannot skip a whole stage of their development. The popular novel is the result of popular education and the diffusion of wealth, and why social matters of this sort should be mixed up with literary criticism is one of the puzzles of the time. Discussion of the subject from this point of view during the last few months would fill several bulky volumes. It is the "reading public," and the "writing public," each new book taken as an attempt at literature, each large popular sale as a text on tendency, with cries of Whither, Oh Whither, and with no one rational enough to inquire Whence, oh whence, a trade blamed for not being an art, and the average man for not being as bookless as his grandfather. An increasing demand for decent mediocre books may from one point of view be as cheerful a sign as an increasing demand for tooth brushes. The important thing

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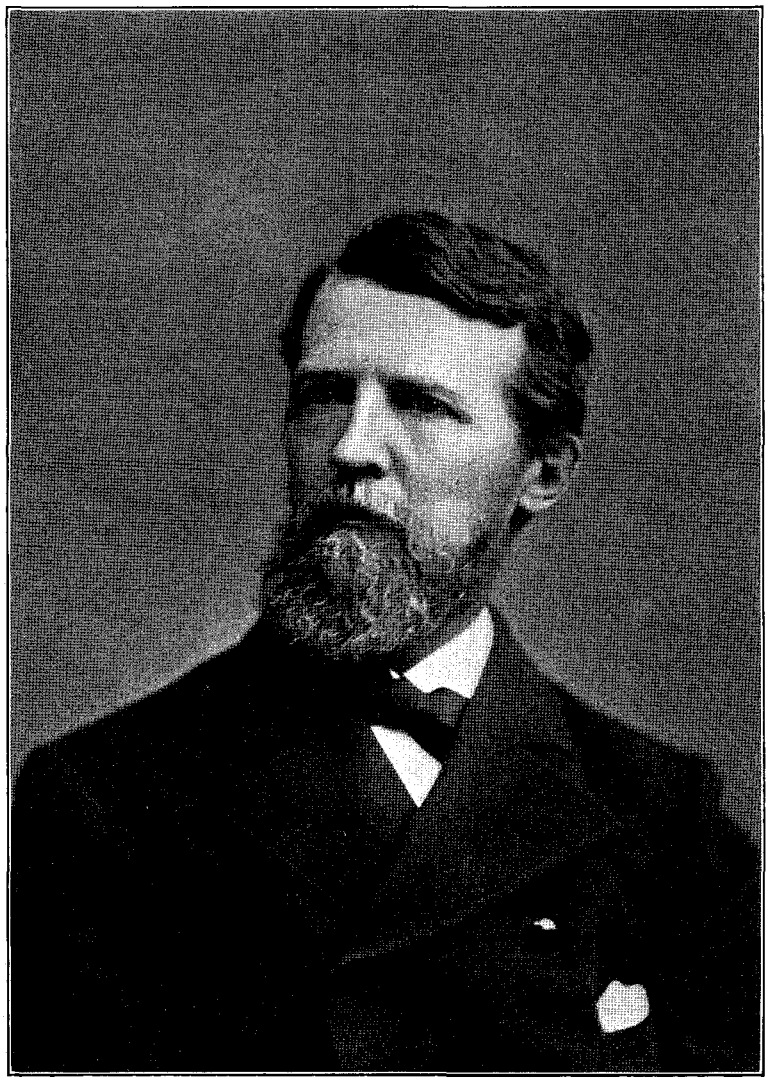
in any review is the initial classification. When it is once made clear to which class the book belongs, literature or market produce, it should be discussed in relation to its own class. The trouble with most reviews is that you never know whether they are measuring down from George Meredith or up from Laura Jean Libbey.

❦

A few years ago in the average American home a "Rogers' group" was about as inevitable as a red plush photograph album, and yet his death in the latter part of July attracted comparatively little attention. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, October 30, 1829, and was a mechanic and clerk until he was thirty years old. His first work was *Checkers at the Farm*. From 1860 until the end of the War of Secession he devoted his time to modelling small statuette groups, mostly on war subjects. Afterwards he turned his attention to social subjects. Some of his most famous groups were *The Slave Auction, Football, The Returned Volunteer, One More Shot, Drawing Rations, Fighting Bob, The Landing of the Norsemen,* and *The Charity Patient*. Among his larger works are a statue of Abraham Lincoln and an equestrian statue of General Reynolds.

John Rogers.



THE LATE JOHN ROGERS, SCULPTOR.
Photograph by Rockwood.

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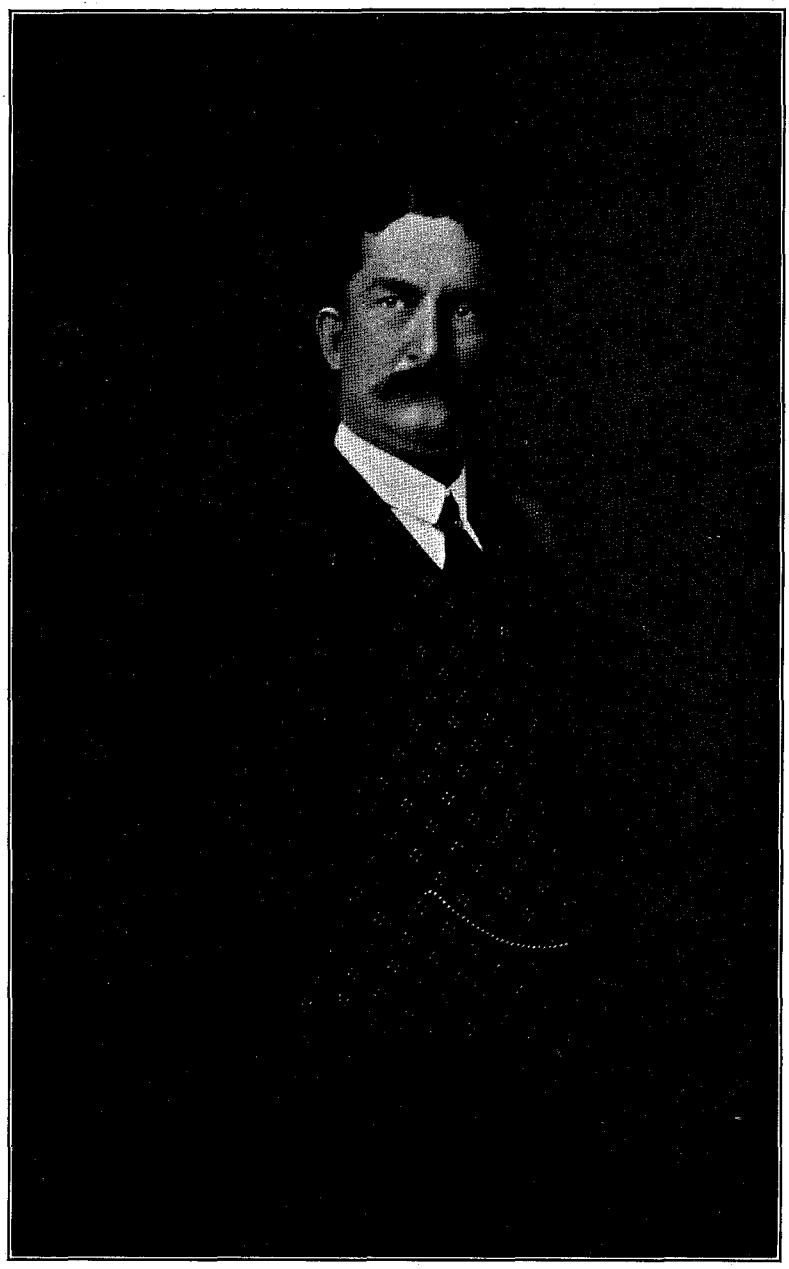
The Literature of Exposure.

The "literature of exposure," as it has been called, receives an important accession in Mr. Lawson's remarkably frank and graphic account of the inside history of the Standard Oil Company, of which the first chapters have appeared in *Everybody's Magazine*. Almost every one you meet has read them, and the publishers have found it hard to keep pace with the demand for copies. The energy of certain periodicals in this new field of magazine journalism has been extraordinary and the success which they have met with fully deserved. The



THOMAS W. LAWSON.

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accusing articles have grown into series and the series have developed into books, and a great many people are now perusing at leisure very detailed and concrete accounts of our political and social vices. At least we hope so. But since from the nature of the case time is allowed for this leisurely reading, it may do no harm to refer to certain matters of mere style which are likely to occur to the critical. In the first place the force of the text would always be increased by eschewing very rigidly the hyperbolics of journalese. Mr. Lincoln Steffens comes the nearest to being a model exposer, because in the presence of a noxious truth he maintains an air of enforced calm. He knows that in the literature of exposure the danger that corresponds to the gilding of lilies is the painting of black things blacker. At times his dramatic instinct is sorely tempted, but generally he is able to resist—a difficult feat for any man who is used to thinking in headlines. Mr. Steffens seldom pencils the eyebrows of his phrases. On the other hand there was Mr. White's "character study" of Senator Platt. We dismissed it immediately from our minds, not because the facts were too bad, but because the style made it seem that this particular kind of a Platt was highly improbable. And we are sorry to see the following passage wherein Mr. Lawson has called to his aid an unmistakably veteran style, that has served on a hundred "character studies"—

"One must see Mr. Rogers's eyes in action and in repose to half appreciate their wonders. I can only say they are red, blue, and black, brown, gray, and green; nor do I want my readers to think I put in colours that are not there, for there must be many others than those I have mentioned. I have seen them when they were so restfully blue that I would think they never could be anything but a part of those skies that come with the August and September afternoons when the bees' hum and the locusts' drone blend with the smell of the new-mown hay to help spell the word 'Rest.'

"I have seen them so green that within their depths I was almost sure the fish were lazily resting in the shadows of those sea-plants which only grow on the ocean's bottom; and I have seen them as black as that thunder-cloud which makes us wonder: 'Is He angry?' And then again I have seen them when they were of that fiery red and that glinting yellow which one sees only when at night the doors of a great, roaring furnace are opened."

❦

A correspondent asks us to answer the following question:

"In the event of two editors accepting the same story—duplicate copies of which had been submitted to them—what would be the proper course for the author to pursue, provided always, of course, that the aforesaid author survived the shock?"

Question of Literary Shop.

Naturally the first thing to do is to telegraph one of the editors that the offer is withdrawn, and then to follow it up with a letter of apology on the score of extreme youth or weakness or the risk of immediate starvation. Finally, it should be added, that henceforth any manuscript that may come from the writer to that editor will be actually submitted without any string attached, and may be read by the editor with entire relevancy to his own business. Unfortunately, it is a practical question, for things like it are always happening. It sounds somewhat elementary, but it is not superfluous to say that offers of exclusive rights should not be sewn broadcast in duplicate. Offers of articles, like offers of marriage, should be sent in *seriatim* till a single heart is touched.

ON READING "MAN AND SUPERMAN."

A prophet who can overthink the law—
Woman! defend us from a supershaw!

W. S. Moody.

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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY ON A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

A REMINISCENCE

IN the youthful days of James Whitcomb Riley chance made him for a few months one of a little company of advertising agents in central Indiana, whose brushes emblazoned upon country barns and village fences the remedies of patent medicine men, and spread abroad the fame of such merchants as could afford it.

Riley's extraordinary dexterity in free hand drawing, without measurement or *"laying off,"* was a matter of wonder to the onlooker, and his career as a so-called "sign painter" has never been permitted to go out of mind by certain local reminiscencers, whose competitive zeal however, has doubtless pushed it into the foreground out of all proportion to the general perspective.

With little or no significance in the formative influences that fashioned his life, this incident did none the less bring him to the town of Anderson, which came to stand as one of the mile-stones in his development.

Through an influential friend he obtained the position of local editor on the Anderson *Democrat* and, grateful for an opportunity to write—as yet no matter what—set about with a good will gathering "locals," and improving his chance to print his poems. To the *Democrat* he brought with his verses all the wit with which he had been accustomed to regale his little circle of friends, and the mock seriousness, with which he took himself and the paper, made it for a time a more welcome sheet in Anderson households than would have been a comic almanac. His original items of city and country news, and his quaint "personals," were often sandwiched with such rhymes as the following:

When'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see
Who sigh to read the *Democrat.*
Through all eternity.

In the spring our widowed neighbour
Climbs the fence that intervenes
Borrows from our wife the paper,
Leaving us a mess of greens.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay
While his hale old wife with sprightly air
Was clearing her voice to say,—
"Read aloud:" to the child that sat
On the grandfather's knee with the *Democrat*

Soon after Riley's connection with the paper, the following announcement appeared on the front page:

THE ANDERSON DEMOCRAT
——is a——
GOOD LITTLE PAPER
——and you——
OUGHT TO BE KIND TO IT.

It ain't the best paper in the "State," or if it is, it won't acknowledge it, for, some way, it feels that the market is already glutted with that brand. No, it is simply
GOOD:
and you ought to love it.

Riley was often sharply rebuked for inattention to business, and informed by the senior editor that his duty was to collect "items," and not to fill up with his poetic "drivel and nonsense." It was news that was wanted, and not rhymes; and so it came that the poet's literature began to migrate, first to the second, then to the third, and finally to the last page of the paper.

The distrust of Riley's poetic vagaries, with their lack of utility in a country newspaper, was not lessened by such poems as that of "Craquedom" and "Wrangdillon," in the latter of which his fancy played stranger tricks than usual:

"Dextery, tethery, down in the dike,
Under the ooze and the slime,
Nestles the wraïth of a reticent gryke
Blubbering bubbles of rhyme."

Then when this "Wrangdillon"

"—— sinks to the dregs, in the dead of the night,
And shuffles the shadows about,

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And gathers the stars in a nest of delight,
And sits there and hatches them out,"

the practical, news-searching readers of the *Democrat* ceased to follow the wild flight of imagination that only ended when

"The gryke blots his tears with a scrap of his grief,
And growls at the wary graygrole
As he twunkers a tune on a Tiljicum leaf
And hums like a telegraph pole."

In reply to an inquiry in the pages of a neighbouring contemporary as to the meaning of such weird creation, Riley answered in the *Democrat* that he believed such effusions to be "a sort of poetic fungus that springs from the decay of better effort." He went on to explain:

"After long labour at verse, you will find there comes a time when everything you see or hear, touch, taste, or smell, resolves itself into rhyme, and rattles away till you can't rest. I mean this literally. The people you meet upon the streets are so many disarranged rhymes, and only need proper coupling. The boulders in the sidewalk are jangled words. The crowd of corner loungers is a mangled sonnet with a few lines lacking. The farmer and his team an idyl of the road, perfected and complete when he stops at the picture of a grocery and hitches to an exclamation point.

—— from this tireless something which
Beats time to nothing in my head
From some odd corner of the brain!

I walk, I run, I writhe and wrestle—but I cannot shake it off. I lie down to sleep, and all night long it haunts me. Whole cantos of incoherent rhymes dance before me, and so vividly, at last I seem to read them as from a book. All this is without will power of my own to guide or check; and then occurs a stage of repetition—when the matter becomes rhythmically tangible at least, and shapes itself into a whole of sometimes a dozen stanzas, and goes on repeating itself over and over and over 'til it is printed indelibly on my mind.

"This stage heralds sleep at last, from which I wake refreshed and free from the toils of my persecutor; but—some senseless piece of rhyme is printed on my mind, and I go about repeating it as though I had committed it from the pages of some book. I often write these jingles afterward, though I believe I never could forget a word of them.

"This is the history of the "Craquedom." This is the history of the poem I give below ("Wrangdillon"). I have theorised in vain. I went gravely to a doctor on one occasion, and asked him seriously if he didn't think I was crazy. His laconic reply that he 'never saw a poet that wasn't!' is not without its consolations."

In obedience to the demands for news items, and as a kind of compromise between poems and locals, he began to write a series of advertisements, filling whole columns with a continued strain of verse which ran for more than two months; in fact, until he ran out of material, and himself out of the *Democrat*. In long, short, and common meter, in pentameter and tetrameter, hexameter and heptameter, he sung of the bakers and the bankers, the druggists and the dentists, the grocers and the grinders, the merchants and the milliners, the tailors and the tinners, sounding their praises throughout the borders of Madison County.

The introduction gave a fair promise of what was to follow:

ANDERSON.

An Idyl of To-day.

The Blunt Blade of Business Ground to an Ethereal Edge—Our Feet at the Crank.

Motto: Grind till the last armed (?) foe expires.

Invocation.

O courteous Muse, you have served me so long
As guide thro' the devious highways of song;
And ever have led me with willingest hand
Adown the dim aisles of that fanciful land,
Where even Aladdin—the luckiest scamp
That ever was spared by a kerosene lamp—
Not happier was, or more burdened with bliss
Than the poor impecunious writer of this.
And as I recall with a rapturous thrill
The ripe fruits of rhyme which I gathered at will—
The lush juicy clusters on Poesy's tree
That weighed down the limbs to accommodate me,—
The jet of my thanks flashes into a blaze

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That will brighten my life all the rest of my days.
And so as the gas glimmers over my brow
And gleams on the pencil I am writing with now—
And glances from that with a jocular flash
To redden already my ruddy mustache;—
I can but give over all yearnings for fame,
To write a few lines with the singular aim
Of pleasing the world with an Idyl that rings
The music of business and practical things.
And ever indulged and generous Muse,
You may give me occasional lifts, if you choose—
If not I shall stagger along all the same,
And so if I falter, why yours is the blame.

This business "Idyl" which went on to give nearly one hundred rhyming notices, was a great success, and challenged the wonder of the patrons of the *Democrat*. Even the "grangers" could understand this kind of poetry.

In these few months, when day and night his brain was in a maddening whirl of rhyming groceries and merchandise, with a list of "personal mention" threatening him with distraction, the poet's inner, better thoughts were clamouring for expression. Turning from his medley of cares and wares, he always found sympathetic converse in his artist friend Samuel Richards, with whom walks and talks led to many an outburst of hidden hope and smothered sentiment.

The death of Richards's baby boy made upon Riley one of the deep impressions of his life. For the first time he found himself one of the bearers of a funeral bier; for the first time he could not speak to his friend of what was in his heart. But a few days later there appeared the following lines dedicated to a child:

HARLIE.

Let flowers be the baby's epitaph.

Fold the little waxen hands
Lightly. Let your warmest tears
Speak regrets, but never fears,—
Heaven understands.
Let the sad heart o'er the tomb
Lift again and burst in bloom,
Fragrant with a prayer as sweet
As the lily at your feet.

Bend and kiss the folded eyes—
They are only feigning sleep
While their truant glances peep
Into Paradise.
See the face, tho' cold and white,
Holds a hint of some delight
E'en with Death, whose finger tips
Rest upon the frozen lips.

When within the years to come,
Vanished echoes live once more—
Pattering footsteps on the floor,
And the sounds of home,—
Let your arms, in fancy, fold
Little Harlie as of old—
As of old, and as he waits
At the City's golden gates.

When this exquisite poem appeared in the town paper, it was simply signed R.; but the initial meant quite as much as did James Whitcomb Riley, or the J. W. Riley, over which he was accustomed to write. In those days Riley felt himself much handicapped by his name, which he declared led all the rest on the roster of commonplace names.

"What can a man ever hope to be who must sign himself *J. W. Riley?*" he would often say, especially at the arrival of his poems on their usual return trips from the magazines. He claimed to believe there was not so much in what a man wrote, as in the name over which it was written, especially after a reputation has once been established. Then the public is no longer critical, he insisted, but ready to accept anything from an author who has been passed into the register of noted recognition. He declared he would be willing to wager, that, if he were to write a poem over a name already known to fame in literature, it would be received without question, regardless of its merit.

This assertion, made and received half in jest, half in earnest, gave rise to a very significant episode in the life of the young poet. It was some days afterward, in the law office of a mutual friend where Riley and Richards, and a few others, often rendezvoused.

Riley seemed nervous, when hesitatingly he took from his pocket a piece of paper, saying: "Last night I couldn't sleep, and so I got out of bed and wrote this." Impatient at Riley's trepidation, the lawyer took the paper from him, and read aloud the lines of a poem entitled "Leonanie," written in the style of Edgar Allan Poe.

It was enthusiastically received and commented upon, when Riley announced that this little poem was to be the test of his theory as to the value of a reputation. A plan of local campaigning was after-

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ward decided upon, from which no end of amusement was to be realised, and which was to settle the oft disputed question. As to any weighty consequences which might arise from this experiment, there was no thought.

A young college graduate in a neighbouring town had just started on the ambitious career of an editor on a county paper. His tastes, however, were rather those of a student than of a law-giver in local politics, and consequently he became deeply interested in the poetry of the Anderson *Democrat,* which he found among his exchanges. He copied these poems into his own paper, with most laudatory comment, although the author was to him unknown. He surmised, however, that these unsigned, but "leaded" poems must be from some member of the *Democrat* office.

Riley had been touched by this neighbourly recognition, for at home *his* editor-in-chief had few words of encouragement, and in the fulness of his heart he had written to express his gratitude for the "friendly hand extended out of the impenetrable." His doubt of any wider appreciation than that near home, however, he made no attempt to conceal, for, "of course," he wrote, "these Eastern critics will say that nothing good can come out of Indiana,—that this is not the soil out of which poets grow—besides the name *Riley* is enough in itself to wither any prospect." As a still further stumbling block, he humourously enumerated, among other characteristics of his pen, that of writing *"while* when Eastern authors write *whilst."*

When "Leonanie" was written, Riley naturally turned to his unseen admirer of the Kokomo *Despatch,* explaining by letter the proposed joke, and asking his co-operation in launching his poem upon the public, it not being deemed prudent to publish it in the *Democrat,* where its origin might be suspected. The Kokomo editor was delighted with the project, and promised most hearty assistance.

As Riley afterward said, in looking about over the list of dead poets, he had selected Poe as a little in the hoaxing line himself, holding that perhaps he would not particularly care if some liberties were taken with his name. The fictitious account of the origin and discovery of "Leonanie," which Riley himself had devised, had cost him more time and pains than the poem itself, yet this production was rejected as being too fanciful, and one of the Kokomo editor's own manufacture was substituted.

Riley's proposed story of the *discovery of Leonanie* was as follows:

In the woods of Howard County, Indiana, a belated hunter, whom the editor was to represent as himself, had lost his way. A terrific storm broke forth, and as he wandered about in the drenching rain and pitchy darkness, a faint light suddenly appeared in the distance. Guided by its flickering, he made his way toward it, which brought him to a cave-like opening in the side of a hill. (The Kokomo editor claims there isn't a hill in Howard County big enough for a prairie dog to hide in.)

Upon peering into the cavern, he saw a misshapen, hunch-backed dwarf preparing his evening meal over some coals heaped together on the earth floor. The hunter asked for shelter from the storm, which the gnome-like creature only half granted.

In this hermit's room there was a three-legged stool and a rickety table upon which was an old book. The hunter, curiously turning over the leaves, espied on a fly-leaf the lines of a poem, evidently written a long while ago, and signed E. A. P. On being questioned, the little figure of a man, hitherto as uncommunicative as a sphinx, suddenly became alert, and told how it came to be written in his grandfather's inn in Virginia. The details and descriptions from there on were the same as were used in the substituted story, which was published as follows, in the Kokomo *Despatch* of August 2d, 1877:

POSTHUMOUS POETRY.

A Hitherto Unpublished Poem of the Lamented Edgar Allan Poe, Written on the Fly-leaf of an Old Book Now in Possession of a Gentleman in This City.

The following beautiful posthumous poem from the gifted pen of the erratic poet, Edgar Allan Poe, we believe has never before been published in any form, either in any published collection of Poe's poems now extant, or in any magazine or

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newspaper of any description; and until the critics shall show conclusively to the contrary, the *Despatch* shall claim the honour of giving it to the world.

That the poem has never before been published, and that it is a genuine production of the poet whom we claim to be its author, we are satisfied from the circumstances under which it came into our possession, after a thorough investigation. Calling at the house of a gentleman of this city the other day on a business errand, our attention was called to a poem written on the blank fly-leaf of an old book. Handing up the book he observed that it (the poem) might be good enough to publish, and if we thought so, to take it along. Noticing the initials, E. A. P. at the bottom of the poem, it struck us that possibly we had run across a "bonanza," so to speak, and after reading it, we asked who its author was, when he related the following bit of interesting reminiscence:

He said he did not know who the author was, only that he was a young man, that is he was a young man when he wrote the lines referred to. He had never seen him himself, but heard his grandfather, who gave him the book containing the verses, tell of the circumstance and the occasion by which he, the grandfather, came into possession of the book. His grandparents kept a country hotel, a sort of wayside inn, in a small village called Chesterfield, near Richmond, Virginia. One night, just before bed time, a young man who showed plainly the marks of dissipation rapped at the door and asked if he could stay all night and was shown to a room. That was the last they saw of him. When they went to his room the next morning to call him to breakfast he had gone away and left the book, on the fly-leaf of which he had written the lines below.

Further than this our informant knew nothing, and, being an uneducated, illiterate man, it was quite natural that he should allow the great literary treasure to go for so many years unpublished.

That the above statement is true and our discovery no canard, we will take pleasure in satisfying any one who cares to investigate the matter. The poem is written in Roman characters, and is almost as legible as print itself, although somewhat faded by the lapse of time. Another peculiarity in the manuscrip which we notice is that it contains not th least sign of erasure, or a single inter lineated word. We give the poem ver batim—just as it appears in the original Here it is:

LEONANIE.

Leonanie—angels named her;
  And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
  In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
  In the solemn night.

In a solemn night of summer,
  When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to meet the comer
  Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot, as joy caressed me—
(Lying joy that caught and pressed me
  In the arms of doom):

Only spake the little lisper
In the angel tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper;—
  "Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales are told you to deceive you
  While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning,
  Matchless and supreme;
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
  Earth with its esteem:
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer and lifted
Where my Leonanie drifted
  From me like a dream.

E. A. P.

To be able to furnish the proof of Poe's authorship in the event of a possible investigation, it was deemed necessary to counterfeit Poe's handwriting. Lithographic facsimiles of a few lines of that author's original manuscripts having been obtained, Richards, the partner in the coalition, who was an expert with the pen, had gone to work diligently, practicing with pale ink on the blank pages of old yellowed books, to imitate the chirography of Edgar Allan Poe.

Richards's interest and enthusiasm rivaled Riley's own, and every day his experiments grew more and more like the original. At last the transcript was pronounced beyond detection, the same accuracy in punctuation, the same carefulness

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n copy, which marked Poe's own manuscripts, having been skillfully imitated. It was then copied on one of the blank leaves of an old *Ainsworth Latin-English Dictionary,* from the lawyer friend's library, and forwarded to the Kokomo editor, who contributed further to the plot by coaching an old man in his town in the rôle of the possessor of the book, and of the grandson of the mythical tavern keeper in Virginia.

The rival of the *Democrat,* the Anderson *Herald,* in copying "Leonanie" from the Kokomo *Despatch* the next week after its appearance, delivered itself of the following:

"We expect a rhapsody of jealous censure from the jingling editor of the sheet across the way, and shall wait with the first anxiety ever experienced for the appearance of the *Democrat.* We look for an exhausting and damning criticism from Riley, who will doubtless fail to see "Leonanie's" apocryphal merit, and discover its obvious faults. As it is, we are led to believe "Leonanie," to quote from Riley, is a 'superior quality of the poetical fungus, which springs from the decay of better thoughts.'"

Sure enough, the poet of the *Democrat* did come out with a long article upon the literary discovery announced in the Kokomo *Despatch,* in which, as he wrote, "the following extract from a lush and juicy article occurs." Reproducing the poem and its strange story, he proceeded with the predicted "jealous censure":

"We frankly admit that, upon first reading of the article, we inwardly resolved to ignore it entirely. Passing the many assailable points of the story regarding the birth and late discovery of the poem, we shall briefly consider first—Is Poe the author of it?

"That a poem contains some literary excellence is no assurance that its author is a genius known to fame, for how many waifs of richest worth are now afloat upon the literary sea, whose authors are unknown, and whose nameless names have never marked the graves that hide their hidden value from the world; and in the present instance we have no right to say: 'This is Poe's work—for who but Poe could mould a name like "Leonanie?"' and all that sort of flighty flummery. Let us look deeper down, and pierce below the glare and gurgle of the surface and analyse it at its real worth.

"Now we are ready to consider,—Is the theme of the poem one that Poe would have been likely to select? We think not; for we have good authority showing that Poe had a positive aversion to children, and especially babies: and then again, the thought embodied in the very opening line is not new—or at least the poet has before expressed it where he speaks of that 'rare and radiant maiden whom the *angels* name Lenore,' and a careful analysis of the remainder of the stanza fails to discover a single quality above mere change of form or transposition.

"The second verse will be a more difficult matter to contest; for we find in it throughout not only Poe's peculiar bent of thought, but new features of that weird faculty of attractively combining with the delicate and beautiful, the dread and repulsive—a power most rarely manifest, and quite beyond the bounds of imitation. In fact the only flaw we find at which to pick is the strange omission of capitals beginning the personified words, 'joy' and 'doom.' This, however, may be an error of the compositor's, but not probably.

"The third stanza drops again. True it gives us some new thoughts, but of very secondary worth compared with the foregoing, and in such commonplace diction the Poe characteristic is almost lost.

"The first line of the concluding stanza, although embodying a highly poetical idea, is not at all like Poe; but rather so *unlike,* and for such weighty reasons we are almost assured that the thought could not have emanated from him. It is a fact less known than remarkable, that Poe avoided the name of the Deity. Although he never tires of *angels* and the heavenly cherubim, the word *God* seems strangely ostracised. That this is true, one has but to search his poems; and we think we are safe in the assertion that in all that he has ever written the word of God is not mentioned twenty times. In further evidence of this peculiar aversion of the poet we quote his utterance:

"Oh, Heaven: Oh, God:
How my heart beats in coupling these words!"

"The remainder of the concluding verse is mediocre till the few lines that complete it—and there again the Poe element is strongly marked. To sum the poem as

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a whole we are at some loss. It most certainly contains rare attributes of grace and beauty; and although we have not the temerity to accuse the gifted poet of its authorship, for equal strength of reason we cannot deny that it is his production: but as for the enthusiastic editor of the *Despatch,* we are not inclined, as yet, to the belief that he is wholly impervious to the wiles of deception."

In its next issue the *Herald* man congratulated himself on his fulfilled prophecy. "True to our prognostication of last week," he said, "J. W. Riley, editor of the *Democrat,* slashes into 'Leonanie' in a jealous manner." The poet's criticism and skepticism were further commented upon in a column article.

"Leonanie," with lengthy dissertations, was widely copied. From newspapers the story of the "literary find" spread into more critical quarters. Article after article, in proof of the genuineness of Poe's "Leonanie," appeared over the names of known critics. The presumptuous youth of a weekly newspaper, who sought to disclaim or cast a doubt on that which men of judgment accepted as genuine, was himself engulfed, while his poem continued to go the rounds of appreciative notice.

A Boston publishing house, which had a "Life of Poe" in preparation, now wrote to the *Despatch,* asking for the original manuscript of "Leonanie." It seemed that the most sanguine expectations of the merry plotters were to be more than realised. Then it began to dawn upon them that jokes sometimes have unpleasant consequences; that this joke in particular had assumed such huge proportions that it had become a risk to carry longer. The possibilities of two versions of a joke for the first time suggested itself, but with the battery handles tight in the grasp of the perpetrators, it was difficult to let go.

Riley himself, appalled at the success of his literary fraud, repeatedly wrote to the Kokomo editor to *turn off* the current, to put an end to it all before it became too serious, by an explantion to the public, but the editor, Mr. Henderson was enjoying it too well, and insisted that the time had not yet come for the dénouement. It was finally decided that prudence at least forbade sending the manuscript to the publishers in Boston, and so its delivery was refused.

At last the senior editor of the Anderson *Herald,* learning the true story of "Leonanie's" authorship, generously communicated information of the facts to the Kokomo *Tribune,* the rival of the *Despatch,* the exposure of whose hoax and the author presented opportunities to "even up" some old scores of journalistic jealousies.

Through the boastful communication of a young son of the *Tribune's* editor, that "his father was going to print something about the *Despatch's* big stories," Mr. Henderson had timely warning, and in his next issue, anticipating the rival exposure, pricked his own bubble, disclosing the true authorship of "Leonanie."

The old dictionary with "Leonanie" on its fly-leaf, which laid about the *Despatch* printing office for some months unclaimed, finally passed into the hands of Mr. Foote, a New York banker, who had purchased the book from an enterprising printer, without the knowledge, however, of Mr. Riley. It is now in the possession of Mr. Paul Pemperly, a book-collector of Cleveland.

To say that Riley won his wager would be only half the truth, for his joke on the literary world exceeded his wildest expectations; but for him it had so far lost its zest that he would not bear to have allusion made to it years after he had been wholly fledged from local editor to poet. *Louise Parks Richards.*

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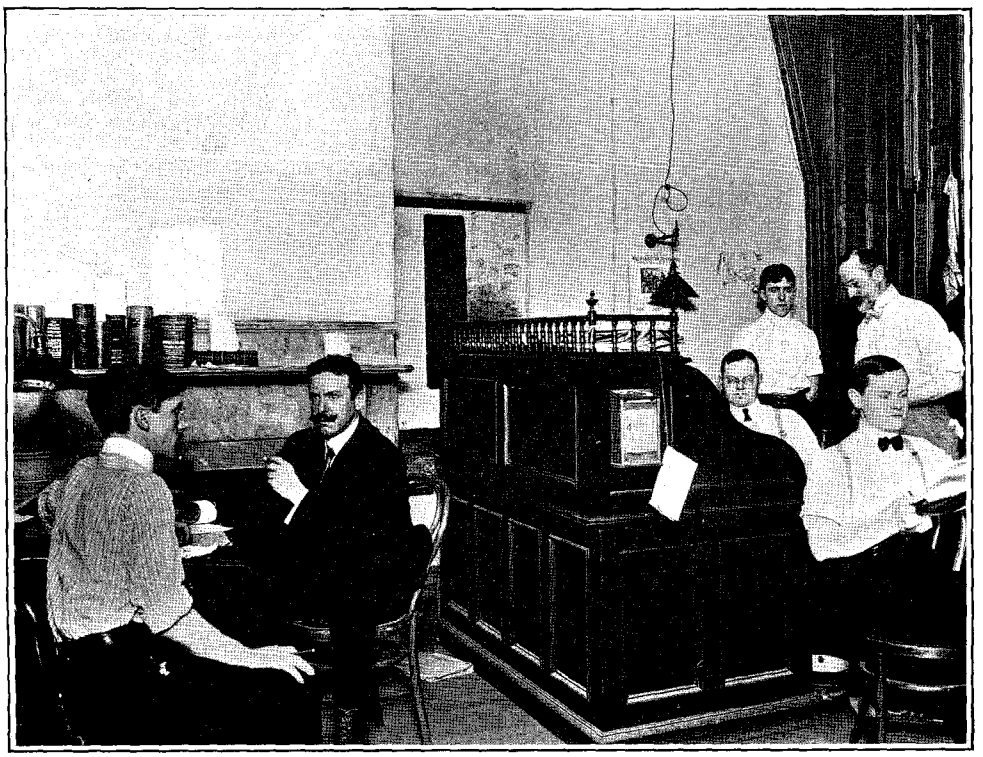
THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

VII.

THE CITY EDITOR

By Charles Watson Meade

IMAGINE a man each day surveying a circle whose circumference is drawn with a radius sixty miles long from the New York City Hall as a centre, knowing that the life and activity within that circle are changeful and ephemeral, that each succeeding sun will bring a new story and that he is responsible for the telling of that story to a great company of readers. Imagine all this and you have a good mental picture of the city editor of a metropolitan daily. Truly the City Editor "Knows not what the day may bring forth." It's his business to find out. I have said that the City Editor's circle is sixty miles from the City Hall. So it is in theory. In practice, however, it is all that and a good deal more, for his field includes the whole of Long Island and the whole of New Jersey. Moreover, New York's tentacles reach over the whole world. There are few important happenings which have not their "local ends" in this city. Therefore nothing that is human is foreign to the City Editor. When the Russo-Japanese war broke out, the New York papers for days had reporters interviewing consuls, inquiring about the effect on commerce and the purchase of war supplies here, etc. This is a fair sample of the way in which the remotest events are reflected in the life of the Western Metropolis. In these remarks, New York is simply chosen as a convenient example. City editors in all large centres have big su-



IN THE CITY ROOM OF *THE TRIBUNE*.

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ARTHUR GREAVES,
City Editor of the *New York Times*.

burban territory and each must look out for the "local ends" of telegraphic and cable stories.

THE CITY EDITOR'S MAIL.

When the City Editor opens his desk in the morning, he attacks his mail first thing. There's nothing extraordinary about that, for the head of any department in any business does so too. But the City Editor's mail is different from that of the factory superintendent or the store manager. Very often it is a fearful and wonderful collection of complaints, grievances, suggestions, demands, pleadings, discoveries, literary efforts, questions of every description. It is a singular thing that the title "City Editor" is better known to the reading public than almost any other except "editor." So the City Editor gets more than his share of mail.

People have great faith in the power and influence of their favourite paper and think it can cure every ill which the body politic is heir to. So one man wants a piece of asphalt pavement repaired, another wants a gambling house closed and this official or that spurred on to a keener sense of his duties. Here's a woman w wants to know where she can buy a s ond-hand sewing machine. Another c the City Editor's attention to a starv family in her neighbourhood. A man West wants some election figures and thinks the City Editor keeps a chart them pasted up in front of him.

And so it goes. This mass of cor spondence must be read carefully for "story" may be suggested by the most relevant letter and the "story" is the C Editor's quarry. Now the germ of t story is as elusive as the bacillus of d ease. It must be sought out with a micr scope and the City Editor must be train to hunt it and to recognise it and devel its "culture" as the bacteriologist trained to hunt and recognise and devel the "culture" of the disease microb Why is that family starving? There ma be a romance of real pathos in that lett whose place would seem rather with charitable society than in a newspaper o fice. That broken asphalt, apparently trivial matter, may mean that some pav ing company is "doing" the city or tha some official is not doing his duty.

W. H. VANDERBILT'S FAMOUS DICTUM.

Here is an incident which illustrate how much depends on this eye for story germs. William H. Vanderbilt's famous dictum, "The public be damned," would never have become a familiar quotation but for the trained news sense of a certain City Editor out in Chicago. He had sent a young reporter to ask Mr. Vanderbilt about a railroad matter which was then being discussed. The novice came back and reported that Mr. Vanderbilt would not say a word. The City Editor suspecting that his agent had not gone about the interview in a way to accomplish the desired result, began to "pump" him on his manner of approaching the railway king. "Well," answered the youth, "I told him the public wanted to know about this matter."

"Wouldn't he talk back then?" asked the City Editor.

"No, he just shook his head and said 'The public be damned,'" responded the youth with childlike and bland innocence.

The autocrat of the City Department lay back and gasped. With a wave of his hand he dismissed the dull reporter and himself wrote up the incident which has

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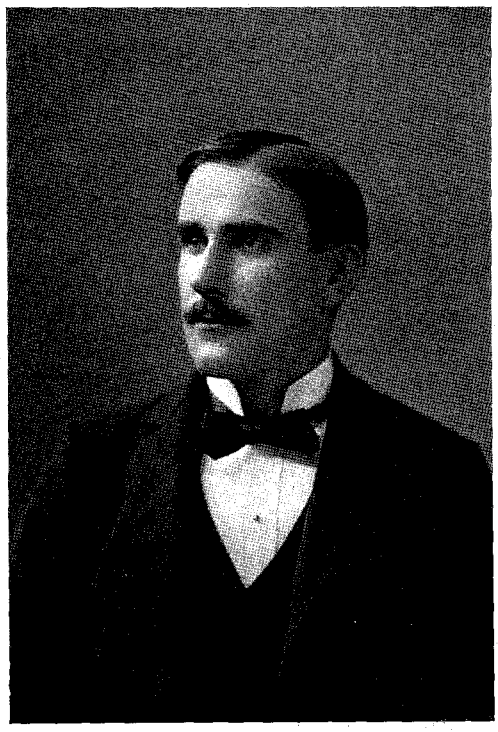
made an important addition to the popular Bartlett.

When the City Editor has disposed of his mail, he turns to his own paper. He goes over it carefully to see what is in it—for he left the office at seven the evening before—how the stories are written and displayed, how his orders of the evening before have been carried out, how the paper's rules of English have been observed in the mad rush of the night's work, etc., etc. The result often is a series of notes, made up largely of interrogation points. To reporters and copy readers "Why was this?" and "Why was that?" and "Why was the other?" or "Why were they not?" as the case may be. Then he and his assistant compare the paper with the other papers. The "beats," that is exclusive stories, which the paper has against its rivals are noted and gloated over, "beats" pointed the other way being noted with corresponding depression. The City Editor must find out why the paper did not have this story or that, which means explanations and excuses a-plenty.



W. W. LONG,
City Editor of the *Philadelphia Press.*

READING THE PAPERS.

The City Editor and his assistant read all the city papers with great care. And this business of reading papers is worthy of some comment. The City Editor's assistant is employed to do nothing else and even then he can't do it all. A professional newspaper reader's value depends on a habit of mind. His perceptive faculties must be trained so that he can tell to the minutest detail what is in a paper without taking the time to read it word for word. It is a process of absorption. He must get so that the thing he wants will somehow or other leap from the printed page and stand out before his eyes. This takes years of training and a good sharp reader is never without work.

So much depends on the careful and discriminating reading of papers. The fabric of a city's news is woven largely from the papers of the day before. They have to be watched for dates of important happenings. Each story that has a "further about"—that is, subsequent development—must be carefully winnowed for the points that have to be covered next day. For instance the Slocum disaster kept from five to ten men busy for a week after the event itself. Then as I have said, there's no telling where the story germ may lurk. A diminutive reward advertisement may point the watchful City Editor to a big diamond robbery. A "personal" of two lines may mean an important will contest. A little half-measure announcement may indicate a brazen get-rich-quick swindle. It was an insignificant "financial card" which first directed the attention of the newspapers to the 520 per cent. fraud for which William F. Miller and Colonel "Bob" Ammon are now serving terms in Sing Sing. The earliest mutterings of street railway strikes in Chicago and Cleveland and other Western cities have been in diminutive "ads" calling for men to be motormen and conductors. Only the other day an entertaining little yarn grew under proper culture from two lines in a Hoboken paper calling the public's attention to a gentleman whose peculiar accomplishment was the charming of rats from their holes.

THE DAILY SCHEDULE.

Now, no City Editor worthy the name is content simply to cover the news in

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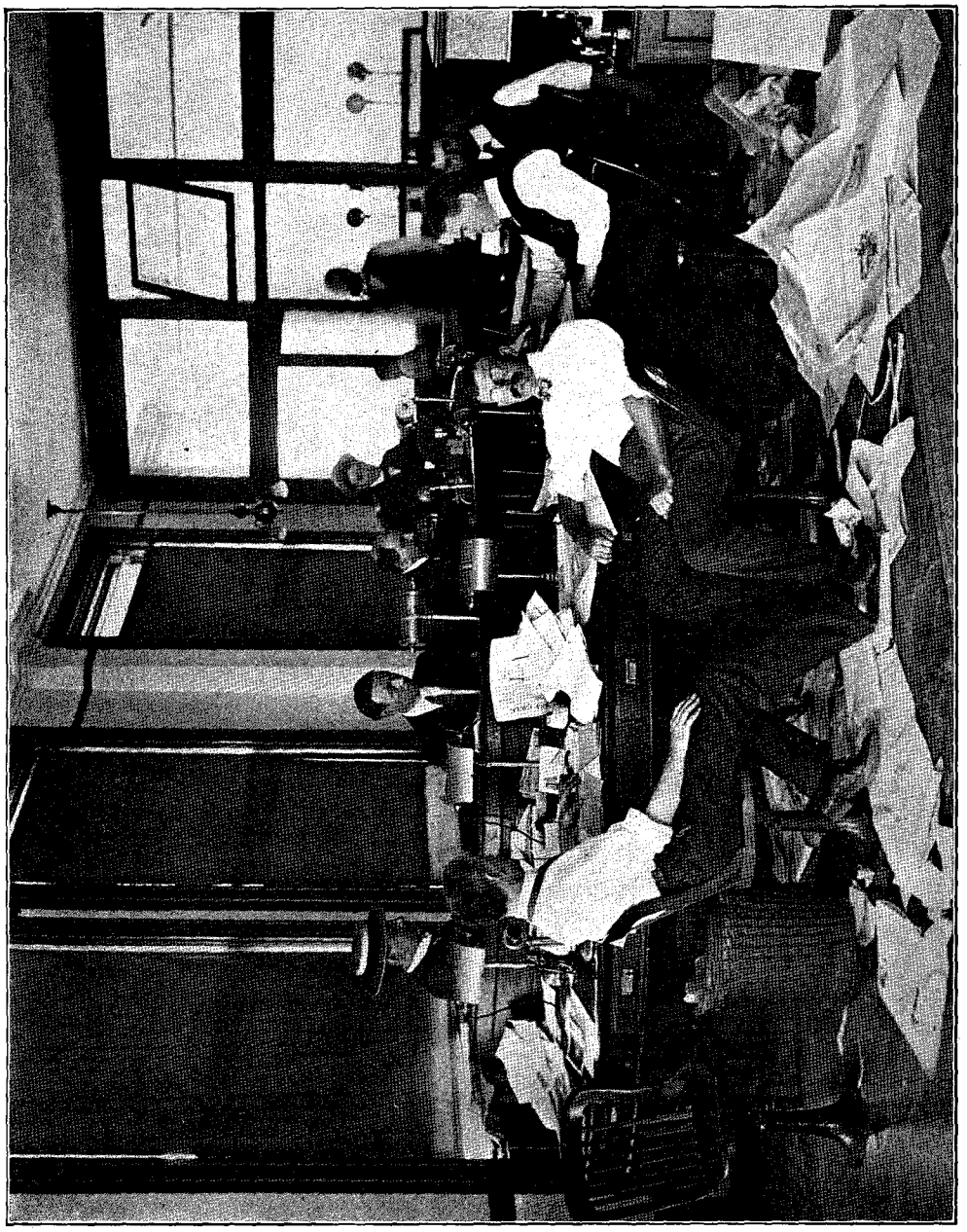

IN THE CITY ROOM OF THE *BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE*.

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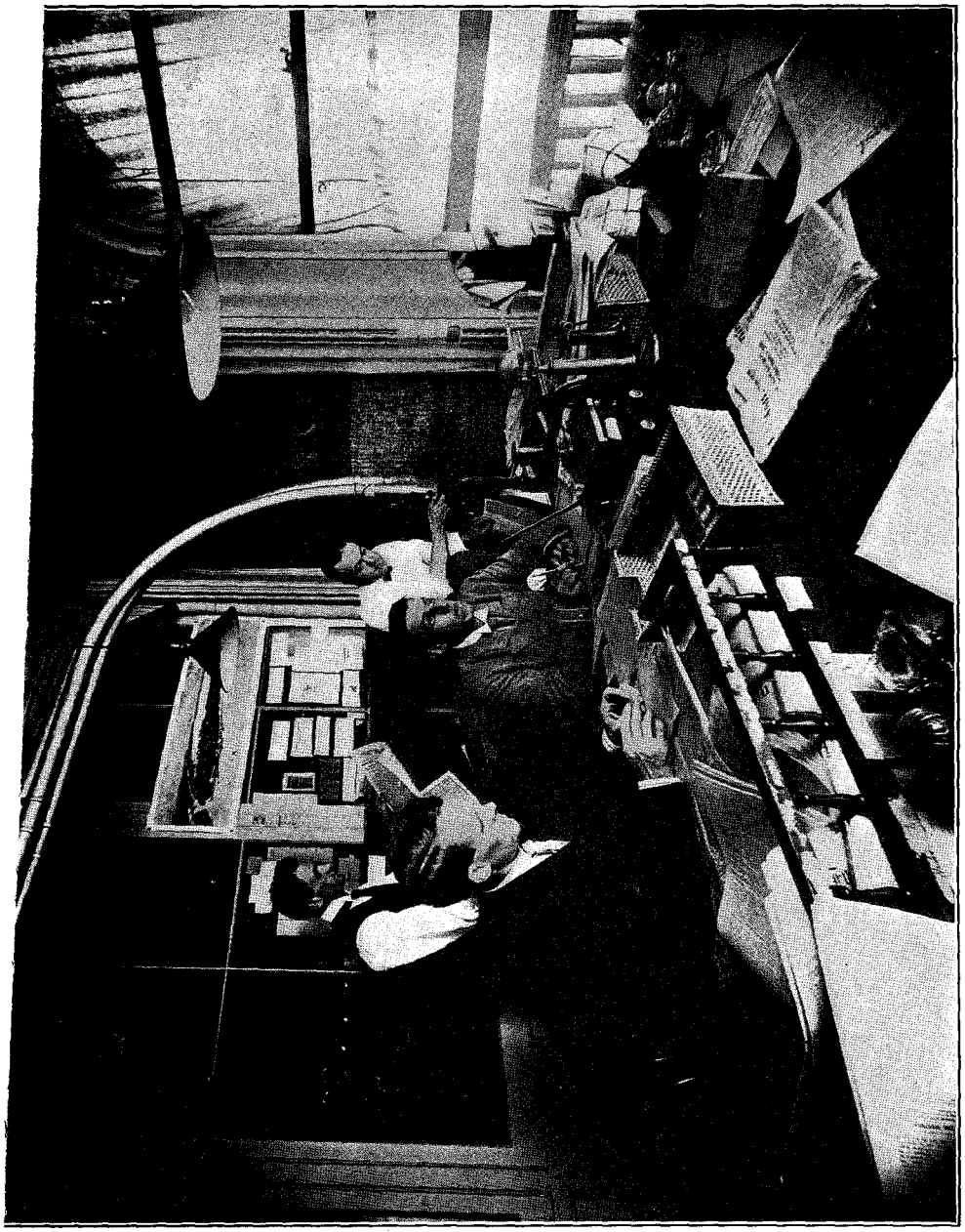

CITY EDITOR'S ROOM, *EVENING POST*.
Mr. W. B. Hayward. Mr. H. J. Learoyd.
Mr. J. D. Whitney. Mr. R. E. Macalarney.

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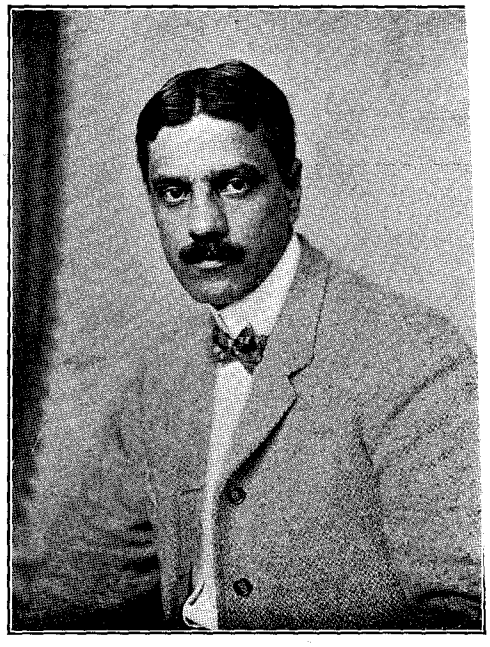
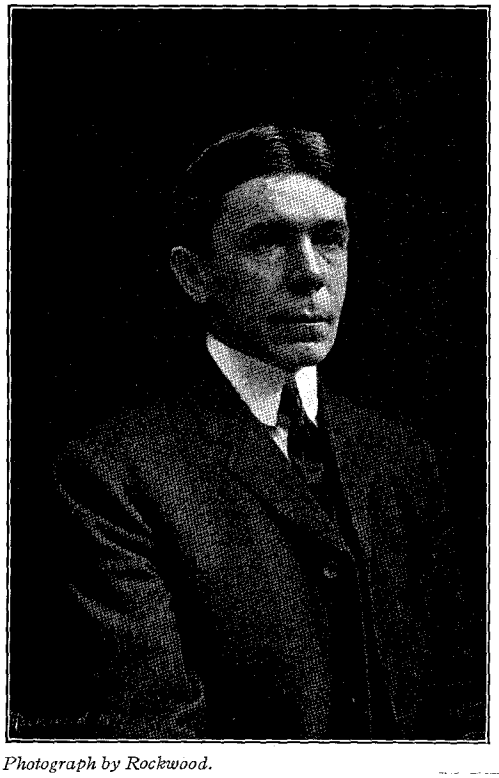
a humdrum, routine fashion just to save his paper from being beaten. He wants his paper to have a distinctive note each morning; to have all that the other fellows have and something more. That "something more" may be an important news "beat." It pleases a City Editor especially if it is. But news "beats" don't grow on trees. They're not to be had every day, so that very often the "something more" must be only a distinctive treatment of a story that is common property or an exclusive point in such a story. So the City Editor is constantly on the alert—and his assistant is for him—for suggestions that can be developed along these special lines. Each City Editor is always looking for things which he hopes the others won't see.

The foregoing shows how great a part newspaper reading plays in the City Editor's daily schedule. As soon as the morning and early afternoon papers are read, the suggestions and points which are the fruit of that reading are recorded in a book known to the trade as the assignment book. Then the work is apportioned among the reporters who appear about 1 P. M. Here is a sample page from the New York *Tribune's* morning assignment book:



HENRY VARIAN,
City Editor of the *New York Globe*.



Photograph by Rockwood.

GEORGE B. MALLON,
City Editor of the *New York Sun*.

Slocum Inquest.
H. A. Rogers' funeral.
Sully Hearing.
Elias case in court; see City Editor.
Whist League Congress—Majestic.
Slocum Disaster.
Insurance on wooden boats.
Democratic politics—Parker boom.
See Platt—Republican politics.
42d Street condition.
Phipps case.
Dowie news.
See A. T. Mason; see McClusky on Kingsley case.
Reinspection of boats.
See Federal Board—See Winslow.
Pharmacists at Brighton Beach.
Opening of Free Baths.
National Association of Elocutionists.
Mrs. Wood's Shipbuilding suit.
Watch Cortelyou and Elmer Dover.
W. H. Ellis's case.
Story at Ward's Island.
Immigration news.
Murray Hill Hotel deal.
Poolrooms.
Grade crossings.
Sheehan sees Parker.
See Jerome on Morgan Smith chase.

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M. S. R. Wages.
Priests on Christian Science.
P. R. R. Station work begins to-day.
See Ald. Gaffney and J. J. Murphy.
Portchester Hearing to-morrow.
See Secretary Taft.

APPROACHING IMPORTANT PEOPLE.

The reporters take their assignments from this book and then come to the City Editor for their instructions. He tells them the points that are to be developed and the men from whom the information is to be obtained, gives them an outline of the questions they must ask, tells them how they must approach this person or that and what features of the story he wants made prominent. The manner of approaching people who have news is a point not to be regarded lightly. City Editors know the peculiarities of important people and instruct their reporters accordingly. Some years ago I heard a City Editor tell a reporter that he must approach a certain eminent clergyman, who had a reputation for austerity, as he would the Throne of Grace. This is a trifle hyperbolic, but it shows how necessary it is to consider the personal equation when you are seeking news. For instance Andrew Carnegie usually demands that the reporters send him their questions written out and he sends them his answer—or his refusals to answer—in the same form. Reporters rarely see him. An assignment to see J. Pierpont Morgan is always understood to mean to see a member of his firm who will speak for him, because every City Editor knows that Mr. Morgan never himself sees reporters.

THE NIGHT ASSIGNMENT BOOK.

All the afternoon, the City Editor and his assistant are searching the afternoon papers and at 6 P.M. there is another assignment book and another set of instructions. Then the Night City Editor takes hold. The City Editor explains to him the plans he has laid out during the day and then goes home. But his work is not ended there by any means, for the night force always knows where it can reach him by telephone and he is frequently called up for advice or information.

DEALING WITH THE PUBLIC.

The City Editor is usually the newspaper's medium for dealing with the public, because most of the people who call at editorial offices come to talk about city

JAY B. BENTON,
City Editor Boston *Evening Transcript*, at his desk.

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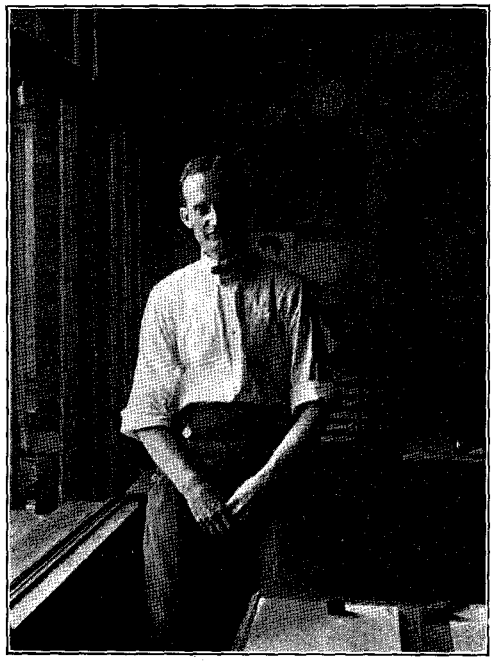
affairs. There are so many of these that the City Editor has to watch his calling list very closely. If he didn't he would be doing nothing all day, but seeing people who had axes to grind or irrelevant and trivial and immaterial tales to tell. However, the old figure about hunting the story germ applies here as well as in the consideration of the mail and the reading of the papers. The visitor himself may be a story. A few years ago an emaciated, wild-eyed creature found his way into a Park Row office and asked for the City Editor. He proved to be a scarlet fever patient who had escaped from the contagion hospital at North



WILLIAM LEDBETTER,
City Editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

Brother Island. He came to tell the City Editor of the frightful conditions there. This visitor might have been turned away as a bothersome crank, but the result of his call was that Morrill Goddard, then City Editor of the *World* himself led a corps of reporters to the island and brought out a page story exposing the frightful conditions there.

SUCCESSES AND FAILURES.

The City Editor's life is not without its disappointments. His is a poignant sorrow when some pet assignment fails to "pan out." To set your heart on a good story from some "red hot tip" only to find that the persons who have the information won't "give up" or that those persons are out of town or that there was nothing in the "tip" any way is an experience that falls to the lot of the City Editor every day that he reports for duty. In fact the proportion of assignments that don't "pan out" is about one in three. And in one way, it is well that such is the case, for if we "landed" on every assignment, we would have to print a twenty-five page paper each day and leave out all the advertisements, too. American cities are such enormous places and so full of diversified activities that getting out newspapers for them is a very delicate process of selection and elimination. The City Editor must sift the suggestions that come to him and even then there is more left than can be printed.

PICTORIAL JOURNALISM.

Pictorial journalism has added to the burdens of the City Editor. "Pictures! pictures!" is the constant cry. Stories are good, but illustrable stories are better. The photographers must be kept busy as well as reporters. That means a constant watch for subjects that can be and ought to be illustrated. In fact a City Editor often provides for photographers before he does for reporters. The reason is obvious. The reporter can get his facts after the act from eye witnesses and others. The photographer must catch the act itself with his camera. Eye witnesses are of no more use to him than people in Kamchatka. There can be no hearsay in his business. The first thing I did when the bulletin of the Slocum disaster came into the *Tribune* office was to grab my telephone and call madly for photographers. When I saw two safely on their way to the scene I began to think about getting a story.

And speaking of the Slocum disaster let me say that it is an occasion of that kind that puts the City Editor to the sharpest test. He must not only get a complete narrative of the event, but he wants a narrative which will be different from those of the other papers. He wants to develop points which his rivals will not develop, beside having everything essential which they have. This means constant and careful thought over all the de-

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s as they come to light. For example, *Tribune* on the day after the Slocum eck called attention to the likelihood t survivors of the victims could not over more than the value of the burned lk. This exclusive feature was worked because it was remembered in the of- e that only a few weeks before a United ates judge had decided that very ques- n in one of the Bourgoyne damage its.

The City Editor knows that if his story not as good as the best of his rivals, will be held responsible by his em- oyers, so in a big disaster like the Slo- m he gives his personal attention to ery detail. At the time of the great fire Baltimore last Winter the City Editors ere led their reporters to the scene and tablished headquarters in the field, so speak. So did the City Editors of me of the evening papers at the Iro- ois Theatre disaster, for it occurred at matinee performance.

THE CITY EDITOR'S QUALIFICATIONS.

Now if I were asked what are the qual- ications of a City Editor, I should say hiefly three. He must know whatever ity he works in; he must know news and e must know men. As to the first, he ust have constantly before his mind the ources of information. It's his business o tell reporters where they are to get heir facts and how they are to get them. This involves an intimate knowledge of he habits, interests and connections of rominent people. This faculty was prob- ably never developed to a higher degree than in Mr. Arthur F. Bowers, who was for twenty years City Editor of the *Trib- une.* To hear Mr. Bowers instruct re- porters one would think that he had lived in the house of every important man in New York. The New York City Editor must know who is captain of the Tender- loin and what magistrate is sitting in Jef- ferson Market Court. He must know what lawyers are counsel in important cases and what physicians to appeal to for information about this medical specialty or that. He must either know these things himself or where he can find them out promptly.

Of course, the need of a knowledge of news is obvious. It is best illustrated by the incident of W. H. Vanderbilt's "The Public Be Damned," related before. If that City Editor had not known that such contempt for the public from such a man was news, an historic story would have been lost.

Now the City Editor's knowledge of men must include an insight into the in- terests of human nature and a faculty for dealing with men. If he does not know what the public or his paper's public wants to read he cannot give them his city's news in a way that will suit them and keep them as readers of that particu- lar journal. In his intercourse with peo- ple as his paper's spokesman he must un- derstand how to treat them so that their sympathy with and interest in the paper will not be alienated. A newspaper needs friends as much as any institution on earth. It must have friends in order to get news and it must have them in order to get business. And then within the office the City Editor comes into direct contact with more men than any other newspaper functionary. The Managing Editor sits in his private room and dis- penses directions to heads of departments only. The News Editor sends out tele- grams to his correspondents throughout the world, few of whom he has ever laid eyes on. But the City Editor directs the work of about a hundred reporters and correspondents and special writers and gives orders to each one every day. He hires them all and when necessary dis- charges them. He allots to each his task each day and he must suit the task to the man and the man to the task. As well send no man as the wrong man to cover this story or that. So the City Editor studies the aptitudes of his men and ap- portions their work accordingly. The old adage about square sticks and round holes must guide the City Editor every day as he makes out his assignment book.

NEWSPAPER OFFICE DISCIPLINE.

A corrollary to the subject of dealing with men is that of discipline. Now there are various theories of discipline in news- paper offices as in other places where men are employed and far be it from me to enter into any discussion of the psychol- ogy of the subject. But I think it is not irrelevant to mention the system which has been found most effective with mem- bers of the *Tribune's* city staff. Report- ers and copy readers are not to be treated

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as section hands on a railroad or boys in a grammar school. They are supposed to be educated gentlemen who would naturally be distressed when they have erred and learn from their errors. Nothing is gained by fining or suspending them, inflicting penalties as if they were schoolboys with demerits being "kept in after school." It only makes men nervous and more prone to err. I have usually found that when I say to a man: "You made a bad mistake this morning and we don't like that sort of work," he replies, "I know it and it shan't occur again." Then if it does occur again, I get rid of him and that is what he expects.

I once heard of a City Editor in a Western town who was assessed somewhat after this fashion. The Managing Editor was anxious to know how he was doing, so he sent the Night Editor "sleuthing" to find out. In a few days, the Night Editor reported that the City Editor was "all right." "How do you know?" asked the chief. "Because I have been listening to the reporters talking about him in the back room of a nearby saloon and they're all cursing him up hill and down dale," was the answer. It seems to me that when a City Editor is regarded in that way he cannot command the hearty and cordial co-operation which is essential to good newspaper "team work." When reporters and copy readers have to have a whip cracked over them, it's time to reorganise the staff.

A PRACTICAL SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

The City Editors of the great centres form the most active and practical school of journalism in the world. They take the aspiring youth fresh from his classes in literature and rhetoric, show him how to apply what he has learned to newspaper work and lead him up through the various grades of reportorial work and copy-reading. Teaching the intricate ways of newspaper making is an important part of their work. Some years ago a bank president was shot dead in his office by a crank who then shot himself. The City Editor of an evening paper hurried out a youth—his only available man—who had that day begun work. The story that the "kindergartner" turned in began: "'Twas noon in the merry Tenderloin." Imagine what a lot of teaching that City Editor had to do. The fi thing the youth learned was not to facetious about murders.

THE NIGHT CITY EDITOR.

An article on the City Editor would n be complete without a word regarding h associate and complement, the Night Ci Editor. He takes up where the City Ed tor leaves off. His function is chiefly see that the City Editor's plannings g into the paper. He is the head of th "copy desk," which is journalistic for th corps of men who revise and correct cop and write headlines. If the City Edito knows not what a day may bring forth far less does he know what a night ma bring forth. That is for the Night Cit Editor to find out. He is the watchma who "tells us of the night." Often th problems which arise to confront him ar more perplexing than those of the Cit Editor. He has to get news frequentl when people have gone to bed. He ha to hunt them out of their homes whe they don't like to be disturbed and are not so communicative as at their offices where they regard reporters' visits as "al in the day's work." Maybe it is only an hour before press time when something or other happens which must be portrayed in the first edition without fail. Suppose the Slocum disaster had occurred on the return trip, that is about 10 P.M. Then what the City Editor did in sixteen hours the Night City Editor would have to do in four. Of course, it would be manifestly impossible to develop many of the special phases after 9 P.M., but the essentials would have had to be treated with the same completeness as if it had been earlier. All the City Editor's pet features would have been held over and the reporters to whom he had given assignments at 6 P.M. would have been concentrated on the great story.

Imagine what was required of the Night City Editor on the occasion of the Park Avenue Hotel fire which broke out at 2:30 A.M. One New York Night City Editor himself went out and saved his paper from being beaten on the Hotel Royal fire.

Every City Editor knows that conditions may arise at night which will force the Night City Editor to overthrow his schedule and rearrange the work of the entire City Department. Of course, cir-

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umstances like this are exceptions, but ney do at times arise.

CITY EDITORS OF THE PAST.

Among the eminent City Editors of the ast may be mentioned the late Congressman Amos J. Cummings, the late A. Oakey Hall, Mayor of New York in the itter part of the Tweed regime; the late Ballard Smith, William F. G. Shanks, Arthur F. Bowers and William C. Reick. Mr. Cummings, who was successively City Editor and Managing Editor of the New York *Sun,* was a man of enormous nergy and capacity for work. He would often become so deeply interested in a big police mystery or other story of that type hat he would go out himself and report important features of it.

Mr. Hall went to the *World* after his political career was over and later returned to the law, which was his profession.

Ballard Smith was City Editor of the *World* in the early seventies, after he had made a reputation as a newspaper man on the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* under Henry Watterson. A notable achievement of his City Editorship was a beat for the *World* on William M. Tweed's confession. He afterwards became Managing Editor of the *Sun* and later London correspondent of the *World.* Mr. Shanks as City Editor of the *Tribune,* had previously achieved a "beat" for his paper on the arrest of Tweed. He had a record as a war correspondent before he took up executive work. Among the traditions of Park Row is a story of a passage Mr. Shanks once had with a New Jersey correspondent who had allowed the *Tribune* to lose an important piece of news from his town. After being rebuked, the correspondent unabashed pleaded in chipper fashion that it was the first time he had ever been beaten. "The first time you've ever been beaten!" exclaimed Mr. Shanks. "Why it's the first thing that ever happened in your damned town."

A highly retentive memory and a wonderful knowledge of New York and New Yorkers stood Mr. Bowers in good stead as City Editor of the *Tribune.* He had a picturesque way of instructing reporters, which was a source of untold entertainment to his associates.

Mr. Reick, now president of the Herald Company, held the title of City Editor up to a year ago. In the *Herald* office the City Editor is really the news chief of the paper and would be known as Managing Editor elsewhere. He got his start in Mr. Bennett's favour through a series of mad dog stories which he wrote while a correspondent for the *Herald* in New Jersey. These so pleased Mr. Bennett that he ordered Mr. Reick to be taken into the City Department and "given a show." The way in which he improved his opportunities can be judged by his present journalistic eminence.

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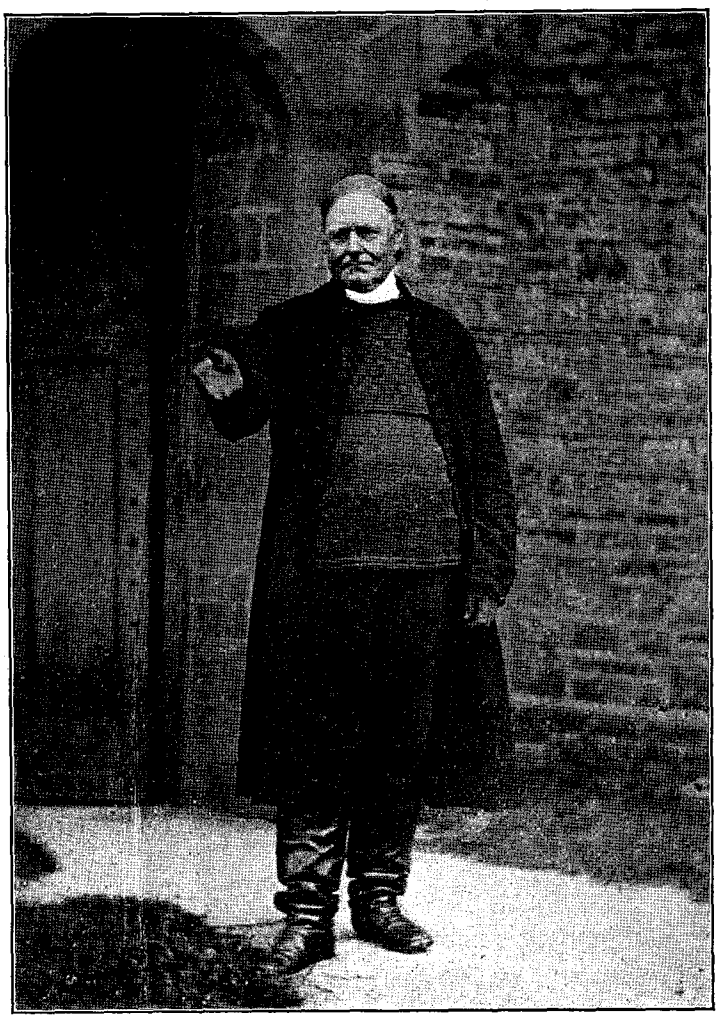
A MORWENSTOW PILGRIMAGE

MORWENSTOW in Cornwall is a place not even yet well known, in spite of the guide-books' recommendation, and in spite of a growing interest in Robert Stephen Hawker, the *Vicar of Morwenstow*. One is tempted to say, however selfishly,—may it *never* be well known! Already, it seems to me, there is a certain vulgarization of the place. God, I feel sure, never meant it to be a centre for tourists. He set it on the crest of its deep-hewn combe, between wild moors and wilder sea: He cut sheer its mighty precipices, and deepened its savage isolation,—well,—certainly not for picnic parties! It was the ideal frame for a man like Hawker,—a Cornishman to the backbone, a poet, a nature-lover,—but it suits as ill with the conventional tourist as a lace frill with the Venus of Melos!

All the same, the picknicker is there; he signs his name boldly in the visitors' book to sentiments more inane, let us charitably trust, than himself; he leaves his eggshells on Hennacliff; he cuts his petty initials large on the walls of the poet's hermitage; and he says to you, if he meets you—"Seen old Hawker's thing-ma-bob down there? Precious little to



ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

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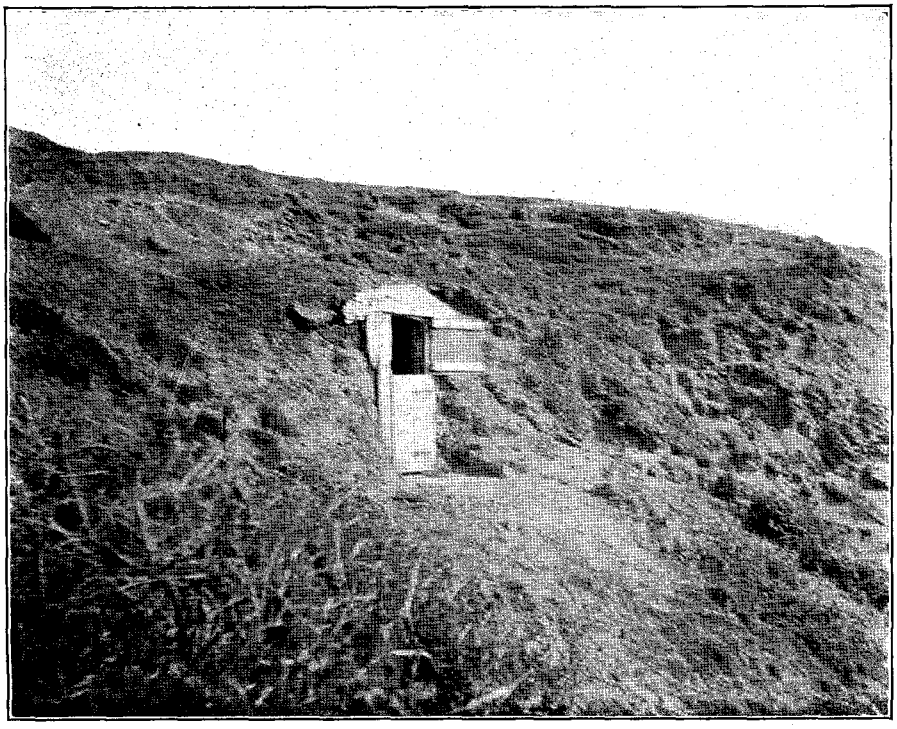
see;" or some other equally enlightened sentiment. One can but trust that the fashion of visiting Morwenstow, like other fashions, may be evanescent; and that it may be left again ere long to its wild solitude, broken only by such pilgrims as come in "reverence and love!"

It is a matter of keen regret to the lovers of Hawker's memory that he does not rest in the place he had himself appointed,—the church he loved so well. Undoubtedly the way to heaven is as short from Plymouth, where he is buried, as from Morwenstow,—yet one would fain think of his ashes as lying within his "Saxon shrine." There is not even as yet any memorial of its Vicar in Morwenstow, although there is an awakening feeling of its desirability, and efforts are being made to that end. It is intended that a brass shall be placed in the church to commemorate his forty years of loving service; while further, as nothing could be dearer to the man himself than the preservation of his church—the repair of its weather-worn stonework, the rehanging of its bells, the care of its monuments,—funds are being collected for this purpose; and the structure will ere long be in a condition to contend successfully with wind and weather for a few more centuries.

Among other signs of the deep and reviving interest in Morwenstow's poet-priest must be included the new edition of his works and a new biography, published by John Lane. The first volume, which appeared last fall, was the delightfully edited and illustrated *Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall;* the second includes the *Cornish Ballads and Other Poems;* while the third will be a new life of the poet, written by his son-in-law, Mr. C. E. Byles. The latter will probably take the place, at least to a large degree, of the well-known biography by the Reverend S. Baring Gould; it will have the right to be considered as authoritative and final. All the same, whatever Mr. Gould's defects as a biographer,—and the amount of adverse criticism aroused by his famous first edition of Hawker's life must be fresh in the minds of many,—this much is to be conceded: he has given us a portrait of the Vicar, unsurpassable in its way; he has brought be-



MR. HAWKER'S HERMITAGE, VICAR'S CLIFF, MORWENSTOW.

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fore us with the vividness of a life study that vigorous, aggressive, whimsical, lovable personality, with all its eccentricity, its enthusiasm, its flame of genius, its heights, its limitations, its large humanity. It is doubtful whether any succeeding biographer can do more,—or better. Granting some inaccuracy in detail, some over-colouring and misconception,—yet the portrait as a whole is masterly.

And what a subject for portraiture! How it has stamped itself upon the place and people that knew him,—upon friends and foes, parishioners, biographers and reading public! Within his sphere neutrality is impossible,—he dominates Morwenstow still. The wonder is, indeed, that anything in the little place could justify such a man in devoting to it the best years of his life,—or it would be a wonder, did we not know of old and through the repetition of the ages, that not alone is it the place that makes the man, but—to an even greater degree—the man that makes the place. Out of Morwenstow's rugged material there came to Hawker direct inspiration. He accepted its charge with enthusiasm: he never for one moment regretted his choice. "Welcome," he sang,—

> "Welcome! wild rock and lonely shore,
> Where round my days dark seas shall roar;
> And thy gray fane, Morwenna, stand
> The beacon of the Eternal Land!"

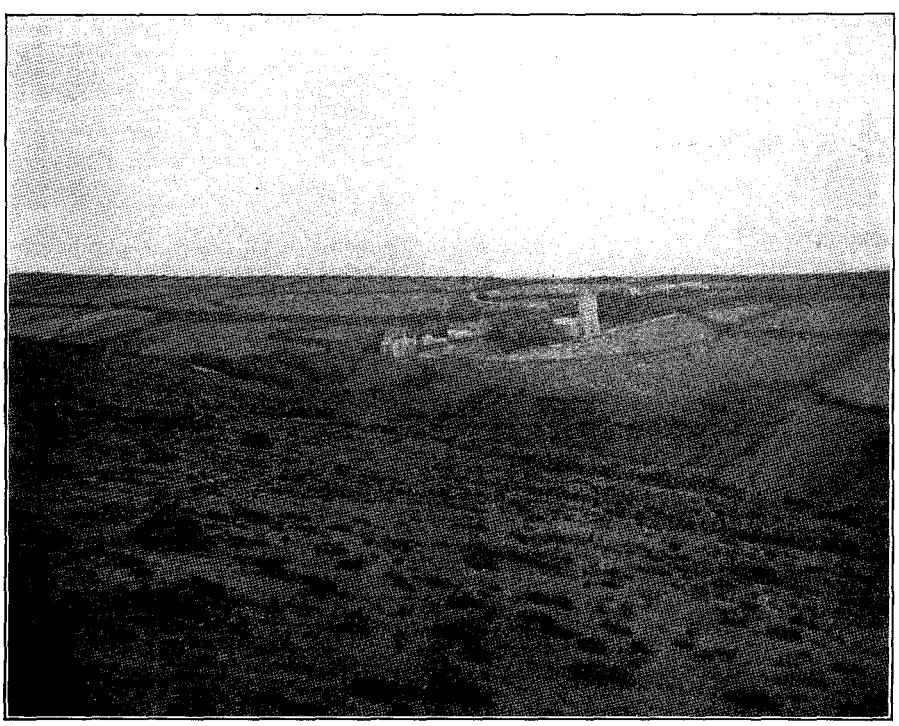
Its every association spoke to him; and the thought of the early saints and martyrs, whose labors had hallowed Cornish soil, filled him with something of their own rapture. The wild and magnificent framework of *their* lives was *his* also;—it was

> "the only ground
> Wherein this weary heart hath rest,"

and it was with the passion of a lover that he apostrophised it:

> "Ah! native Cornwall! throned upon the hills,
> Thy moorland pathways worn by angel feet,
> Thy streams that march in music to the sea
> Mid Ocean's merry noise, his billowy laugh!"

The ravens, perching on mighty Hennacliff, looked southward towards stormy Bude, and uttered in his ear their croon over foundered ship and drowning crew. The Silent Tower at Boscastle had for



MORWENSTOW CHURCH AND VICARAGE, FROM HENNACLIFF.

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him its message, the burden of which will be engraved, most appropriately, upon the new church bell at Morwenstow:

"Come to thy God in time,
Come to thy God at last."

Stow, although levelled to the fields on which it stood, could still render up to him its splendid "Gate Song"; Melhuach and Black Rock their legends; while the varying moods of the sea found in him their own familiar interpreter. Moreover, this was King Arthur's country, and Hawker's *Quest of the Sangreal* was the fine though almost unrecognised precursor of the *Idyls of the King*. One pictures the lonely old man, grieving out his heart for the dead wife so long his companion, as he sat in his little hermitage in the face of the hill, with the heaving plain of the sea stretched out before him, thinking of the days that were no more, and writing wistfully the lines:

"I have no son, no daughter of my loins,
To breathe, 'mid future men, their father's name;
My blood will perish when these veins are dry;
Yet am I fain some deeds of mine should live—

I would not be forgotten in this land;
I yearn that men I know not, men unborn,
Should find, amid these fields, King Arthur's fame!
Here let them say, by proud Dundagel's walls—
'They brought the Sangreal back by his command,
They touched these rugged rocks with hues of God':
So shall my name have worship, and my land."

Here, too, he must many a time have hearkened to the cuckoo, and penned the lines which have always seemed to me among the finest he has written:

"Rejoice! though dull with wintry gloom
Love's sepulchre and sorrow's night,
The sun shall visit depth and tomb,
A season of eternal light!
Like the glad bosom of the rose,
The mound shall burst, the grave unclose!

"Yea! soothed by that unvarying song
What generations here have trod!
What winds have breathed that sound along,
Fit signal of the Changeless God!
Hark! yet again the echoes float,
The chaunting cuckoo's double note!"

THE BUSH INN, MORWENSTOW.

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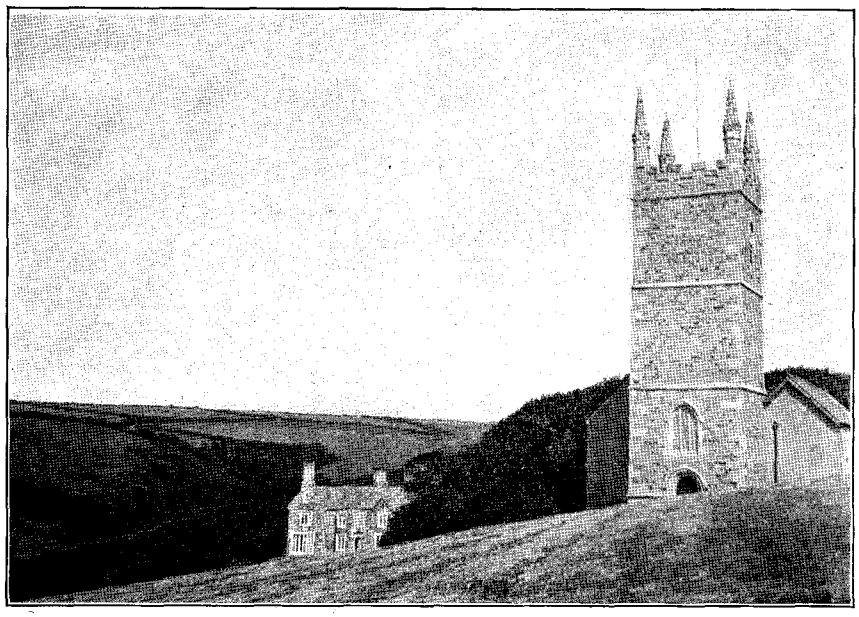

MORWENSTOW CHURCH AND VICARAGE.

MORWENSTOW CHURCH AND CROSS FROM THE LYCH-GATE.

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The combe, on which Morwenstow ıurch and vicarage stand, dips down ith considerable abruptness for about ılf a mile to the sea, terminating on ıe side in precipitous Hennacliff, on .e other in what since Hawker's time ıs been known as the Vicar's Cliff, in ıe face of which is the tiny cell he built ıt of drift timber and covered over with ɔd, to serve as an out-of-door study. It :rved him, too, as an observatory, hence he could watch the changing ıoods of the Atlantic, and look for ships ı danger. The breakneck little foot-ath down to the water's edge has many time been traversed in utmost stress of ·ind and wave by the Vicar and his ıithful assistants, hastening to succor ıe shipwrecked who might survive, or ring the dead to the church for Chris-.an burial. It is a great pity that two icturesque and characteristic memorials ı this connection have been suffered to .ecay and have not been replaced. One ·as the shattered boat which Mr. Hawker placed as tombstone over its lrowned crew; the other, a pair of oars astened together in a rude cross, and erving the same kind purpose. A third nemorial of the shipwrecked is still tanding, the figurehead of the "Cale-lonia" (lost on the rocks below the her-nitage with all hands save one), which ·as placed above the recovered bodies :o mark that

"They came in paths of storm; they found
This quiet home in Christian ground."

There are other less tragic but very interesting monuments in the little churchyard, several of which bear inscriptions in prose or verse from Hawker's pen; indeed, as Mr. Byles observes, "it may be said that the first editions of some of Hawker's poems are on the gravestones in Morwenstow churchyard." One of these,—an epitaph for a child,—is as flawless as the daisied turf around the little stone.

"Those whom God loves die young;
They see no evil days;
No falsehood taints their tongue,
No wickedness their ways.

"Baptized, and so made sure
To win their safe abode;
What could we pray for more?
They die, and are with God."

One other memorial of Mr. Hawker must be mentioned, the inscription above the vicarage door, written by him for that place. It has often been quoted, but will bear yet another repetition:

"A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleasant place to watch and pray;
Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
O minister, for evermore!"

Not a great poet, certainly, but a very genuine one; not, perhaps, a great man, but an intensely interesting one; not at all times consistent, but the more human and lovable for his inconsistencies; such as he was, his personality was as the core of Morwenstow; it remains to this day, and will remain in days to come, Morwenstow's one claim to distinction and pilgrimage.

R. L. Pillsbury.

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NINE BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

MR. BISHOP'S "OUR POLITICAL DRAMA" *

TO most Americans of the present day the political history of the United States begins with the outbreak of the Civil War. Of that long period which lies between the two administrations of Washington and the attack on Sumter there prevails a very general and most lamentable ignorance. Some few picturesque episodes, such as the War of 1812, the stormy rule of Jackson, and the Free Soil struggle, stand out with more or less distinctness; but the interest of these episodes appears to enhance the assumed dulness of the eight decades during which a great nation was slowly developing a national consciousness and toughening the thews and sinews for the mighty task which it was destined to perform. These eight decades were in fact a period whose history is pregnant with interest to every American who now looks back and understands the logical relation of the present to the past. The Civil War was so cataclysmic a convulsion as to dwarf and overshadow all that went before, at least to the minds of the men of that particular generation; yet now that the Civil War itself and all its poignant memories have receded into the past, we ought to cultivate the historical sense which will enable us to look upon American history as a whole and to find in it a drama, each act of which develops one splendid and absorbing plot and of which the human interest, the social interest, is no less than political. There is the story of great ambitions blasted, of subtle intrigue at times thwarted and at times successful, there is comedy and there is tragedy, while amid it all and above it all may now be seen the play of forces greater than those that spring from the strivings of isolated individuals—forces that were unceasingly and irresistibly working for an end which no one fully understood. If our omnivorous readers of all sorts of books could be induced t spend a little time in harking back t what seem to them the waste places c American history, they would find the in reality richly picturesque and full c instruction to the students of our preser political conditions.

It is because of considerations such a these that we welcome any volume whic seems likely to stimulate a healthy inte est in the ante-bellum period. A genuin service to American citizenship is there fore rendered by special monographs lik Mr. C. H. Peck's *The Jacksonian Epoch* by readable general histories, such as M H. W. Elson's, which we hope shortly t notice at length, and by popular work like the one that is now before us. Th immediate timeliness of Mr. Bishop' book is obvious enough to every one. I a higher sense, however, it is a book tha would deserve a welcome at any time, fo it contains just the sort of matter to in spire an intelligent reader with the desir to delve more deeply into the source from which Mr. Bishop has drawn so in terestingly.

In the first part of his book, the autho describes the origin of nominating con ventions, and then passes on to tell in a very graphic way of those national con ventions that have been most fruitful in dramatic scenes—the Democratic con vention of 1844, where for the first time a "dark horse" in the person of James K. Polk galloped away with the nomination, the Whig convention of 1848, where Henry Clay's life-long quest of the Presidency ended in despair when his own State cast its vote for Taylor, and of a like *débâcle* which Webster suffered in 1852, when out of 293 votes he received but 32, and the convention nominated Scott. Mr. Bishop tells most effectively the tale of how these two great ambitions were blighted and the story is no less pathetic than the one which we all remember in the case of Mr. Blaine, and which is also here narrated. With regard to Webster, Mr. Bishop tells an anecdote from which he has chosen to omit a small but not insignificent detail. Immediately after the news of Scott's nomination, and after Webster, old,

**Our Political Drama.* By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. With 43 illustrations. New York: The Scott-Thaw Co. $2.

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roken and bitterly disappointed, had re-red for the night, a crowd of whooping Whigs assembled under his windows and emanded a speech from the defeated andidate. Webster, after repeated re-isals, appeared and said a few words ithout, however, mentioning the name f Scott. What Mr. Bishop does not ention is the fact that Webster, to ac-entuate his contempt for his serenaders nd for their candidate, did not even take he trouble to dress, but appeared in his ight clothes. It was a little touch that n one so scrupulous as Webster was articularly significant.

The most intensely dramatic of all na-ional conventions was undoubtedly that f 1880, in which Roscoe Conkling led he 306 "Stalwarts" in their fight to enominate Grant for a third term, but n which Garfield was finally successful. Mr. Bishop narrates this whole exciting pisode and brings back something of the hrill that ran through the whole nation n those stirring days. The opening of Conkling's nominating speech—

'When asked whence comes our candidate
Our sole response shall be,
He comes from Appomattox
And its famous apple tree.'"

Mr. Bishop prints as prose, simply re-marking that "it surely comes very near doggerel." We think that there can be no doubt that Conkling meant it to be regarded as a rhymed stanza, and it was so printed in the newspapers at the time. Other conventions described in more or less detail are the one which nominated Lincoln and rejected Seward, the disrupt-ed Democratic convention at Charleston of the same year, and the Republican con-vention of 1876, held in Cincinnati, when Blaine was defeated by Hayes, largely be-cause the recent scene in the House over the Mulligan Letters was so vivid in the minds of all. All these incidents Mr. Bishop narrates very impartially. In fact, only once in the book does he seem possibly to have allowed his own political bias to colour an opinion. This is on page 30, in speaking of the fact that Democratic conventions require a two-thirds vote to nominate a candidate. Con-cerning this rule, Mr. Bishop says:

"That it is undemocratic seems not to dis-turb them. It is no more so than the unit rule, yet both have become established methods of procedure in Democratic conventions, though they have been rejected by Republican conven-tions as contrary to the fundamental principle of American institutions—that is, rule by the majority."

Yes, but is it true that rule by this ma-jority is absolutely a fundamental princi-ple of American institutions? There are some matters so momentous and of such profound importance as to have led Amer-icans to require a two-thirds vote for their decision. Thus, to take the most familiar examples, a vote of two-thirds and not a simple majority of the States is re-quired to enact an amendment to the Con-stitution; a two-thirds vote of both houses is necessary to pass a bill over the President's veto; and only by a two-thirds vote of the Senate can a treaty be ratified. Now it was Jackson who estab-lished the two-thirds rule in Democratic conventions. Mr. Bishop says that his motive in doing so "is not clearly appar-ent." May we not assume that Jackson felt the choice of a candidate for the Presidency to be so very important as to justify a demand for something approach-ing unanimity in the selection? Surely, as a matter of theory, in view of the turbu-lence and frequent impulsiveness of these great nominating bodies, the requirement of a two-thirds vote may well be regarded as a counsel of wisdom and by no means a departure from the spirit of American in-stitutions.

In the second part of his book the au-thor discusses the development of politi-cal caricature in the United States, and in the third part he describes some of the Presidential inaugurations that have proved exceptionally interesting features. Among them are the first inauguration of Washington, with its odd combination of genuine dignity and amusing provin-cial solemnity; the inauguration of Jeffer-son, the riotous installation of Jackson in the White House; the "showy-shabby" parade that escorted old Tippecanoe to the Capitol, and the sombre ceremonies that attended Abraham Lincoln, who read his first inaugural surrounded by armed men, with riflemen posted on the housetops of the city, and a battery of artillery heavily shotted and ready for action on the brow of the adjacent slope.

Mr. Bishop has woven his narrative to-gether in a most interesting fashion, en-

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livening it with anecdotes and enriching it with curious facts. Such a book as this has the double merit of being extremely readable and at the same time of opening even to the most casual reader many a tempting vista of American political history. *Harry Thurston Peck.*

II.

MR. VIZETELLY'S "ZOLA."*

MR. VIZETELLY has written a book about Emile Zola which is interesting and valuable, but which is not ingenuous, and which at times is absolutely absurd. It is made up mainly of eulogy and apology through which you get a very clear idea of what manner of man the author of the Rougon-Macquarts and the defender of Dreyfus actually was. The author gives you an account of the misfortunes of the Vizetelly family, brought on by their publication in England of some of Zola's most outspoken books that almost enlists your sympathies on the side of the prosecution. You lay the volume aside with an instinctive distrust of its author, but you cannot for an instant deny that in spite of a great many blemishes he has made a readable and entertaining book.

Ten years ago Zola was regarded by the great majority of English and American readers as a beast. At the time of his famous *j'accuse* letter and during his subsequent sojourn in England, these same people were acclaiming him as a spotless hero. He was neither one nor the other. He was a brave and honest man, inordinately vain, obstinate, and coarse-minded, with a genius that at times seemed to border on madness. His champions may argue that his books were inspired by the highest and purest of motives; the fact remains that most of them were intentionally impure, and that their author frequently went out of his way in his search for baseness and impurity. On the other hand, his most virulent detractors may harp on his evilness, may point out innumerable absurdities and flaws, and reiterate their charges of plagiarism, yet none can deny that in the history of the Rougon-Macquarts he achieved a work of great magnitude and power and of absorbing interest.

Emile Zola, A Novelist and Reformer. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. New York: John Lane.

The chapters dealing with Zola's family, birth, school days and school friends lead up to the period which the novelist himself described in an article that appeared in this magazine less than three years ago. At the age of twenty Zola went to Paris to build dreams for future greatness and to live on the sixty francs a month which he was able to earn as a clerk. These years were the years of his Bohemia—a Bohemia which differed much from the rose-tinted Bohemia of Murger's pages. His room was a garret overlooking a narrow street, running up and down the ancient Mount of St. Genevieve. During the severe winter of 1860-61 he was fireless, shivering in bed with every garment he possessed piled over his legs, and his fingers red with the cold, while he wrote verses with the stump of a pencil. Everything of value that he possessed was sent to the Mont-de-Piété; he dined off a sou's worth of bread and off a sou's worth of cheese; his one drink was water; it was only at intervals that he could afford a pipeful of tobacco; and his great desire when he awoke of a morning was to procure that day the sum of three sous, in order to buy a candle for the next night's work. Glimpses of this life are to be found in all the books of his later years.

Better days, however, came in 1862, when he found employment with the Hachette publishing house. There his salary was one hundred francs a month, and his duties at first were confined to packing books for delivery. A little later he was promoted to the advertising department with a slightly increased salary, and, assured of daily bread, he had done with Bohemia forever. The three years with Hachette were the years in which he began seriously laying the foundations of his literary career. After working ten hours a day, he would return home and spend his evening over some article or short story or chapter of *The Confession of Claude.* Every week he wrote an article of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty lines for the *Petit Journal,* and often another of much greater length for the *Salut Public* of Lyons. It was also at this period that he wrote his *Contes à Ninon,* and his one act comedy, *La Laide.* By the end of 1865 he was earning about two hundred francs a month from his pen, and early the next year he left Ha-

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ette's to give himself entirely to jourlism and literature.

t was in 1867, after a re-reading of Balc's *Comédie Humaine* that Zola first ught of the Rougon-Macquarts. The ginal of the idea lay far back, in a proted poetic trilogy, *Genèse,* which was have recounted the advent, developnt, and destiny of mankind. That gue scheme was transformed and modized by a constant study of Balzac. it Zola did not propose to write about e past, such as the First Republic and e First Empire. His plan was to deribe contemporary manners, and it folwed that the contemplated series must largely a record of social and natural generation. The question of hereditary fluence had already attracted his attenn, and he spent months in the libraries ading every book that he could find aring on the subject. By the end of 68 he drew up a scheme of his proposed mily history, even then preparing the iginal genealogical tree of the Rougonacquarts. The following May he beın work on his first volume *La Fortune s Rougon,* in which he pictured the orin of the family whose history he had oposed to recount, and its first ignoble se to position with the aid of the *coup 'état.*

Among the most interesting pages of Ir. Vizetelly's book are those in which e describes Zola's manner of work—the ıethods by which he gathered the specific nowledge that served as the foundation or a contemplated volume. *Son Excelence Eugene Rougon* dealt with the poitical side of the Second Empire and picured the life of the Imperial Court at Compiègne. Of this life Zola, of course, ad little or no personal knowledge. For is facts Zola drew upon a series of artiles which had been published ten years efore, and collected in a volume bearing he sub-title of *Confidences d'un Valet de Chambre,* a very accurate record which ıad the approval of the Emperor himself. Further information was given him by Gustave Flaubert, who had visited Compiègne often as a court guest. Flaubert, ınder Zola's persistent questioning, used to mimic the sovereign in characteristic fashion, walking up and down with his figure bent, resting one hand on his back, ınd twirling his moustache with the other, while mumbling idiotic remarks. Napoleon III, according to Flaubert, was unadulterated stupidity. To this, De Goncourt replied that stupidity was usually loquacious, whereas the Emperor's had been silent stupidity. "It was that which made his strength, it allowed one to suppose anything."

Zola's first great popular success came with the writing of *L'Assommoir.* In his earlier volumes he had dealt with provincial life, Parisian society, politics, clerical intrigues, and the Imperial Court, but it was only in *Le Ventre de Paris* that he had described the working classes. Here Zola had knowledge at first hand. He had dwelt among the poor and understood them and their habits. Besides he had written about them in various newspaper articles and short stories, and some of the episodes and characters of *L'Assommoir* had originally been used in these early tales. In like manner, Maupassant afterwards drew upon the collection of short stories bearing the title *Le Père Milon.* In planning *L'Assommoir,* Zola was for a time at a loss for a suitable intrigue which would rivet together the chief scenes of the story. The idea of taking a girl of the people who falls and has two children, then marries another man, by industry establishes herself in business, but is borne down by the conduct of her husband, who becomes a drunkard, had figured in the original genealogical tree which he had drawn up for this series. But he felt that the husband's dissipation might not fully account for the wife's downfall, and he remained at a loss until all at once it occurred to him to bring the woman's seducer back into her home. That would make everything possible. *L'Assommoir* began to appear serially in June, 1876, and caused an immediate outcry. Not only were there complaints of immorality, but the author was charged with slandering the masses. Finally, after a few weeks the director of *Le Bien Public* decided to cease publication, and the remainder of the book was printed in *La République des Lettres,* which was edited by Catulle Mendès.

For some years Zola had been an intimate of the Goncourt circle, which was composed of the Goncourt brothers, Flaubert, Tourgeneff, Alphonse Daudet, and Guy de Maupassant; the success of *L'Assommoir* brought about him five young

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men of great promise, who for a time became known as his "band." These were Paul Alexis, Joris Karl Huysmans, Guy de Maupassant, Henri Céard, and Léon Hennique. Only Maupassant and Huysmans afterwards rose to great eminence. The "band," together with its chief, soon published a collection of stories called *Les Soirées de Médan.* To this volume Zola contributed his well known tale "L'Attaque du Moulin." The only other story in the book of real merit was Guy de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif." This story of the woman who, during the Franco-German War, sacrifices herself for the convenience and safety of others, only to be spurned and abandoned, was virtually Maupassant's literary début. The woman, Mr. Vizetelly tells us, actually lived. Indeed, it would be difficult to find many really imaginary characters in all Maupassant's tales. The passion for personalities he carried even farther than did Alphonse Daudet, and there is said to exist a set of his writings, on the margins of which he himself wrote the real names of almost every person and locality he ever described.

Meanwhile Zola had been at work on *Nana,* which was destined to create an even greater sensation than *L'Assommoir.* In connection with this book some critics have actually reproached him for his previous ignorance of the successful Parisian demi-mondaine. His knowledge of her had indeed been limited to outdoor life; he had seen her at the theatres in the Bois and at other public places. But that was all and for more definite information he was obliged to apply to men like Edmond de Goncourt and Ludovic Halévy, and to go about on a tour of investigation, notebook in hand. When *Nana* was appearing in *Le Voltaire* it was advertised in a manner that would make a modern American stare. Huge posters appeared on all the walls of Paris, sandwich men patrolled the streets, ticket-advertisements were affixed to the tubes of the pipe-lights in the tobacconist shops. On every side there was the injunction: "Read *Nana! Nana!! Nana!!!*" The book, of course, was assailed by the critics with their customary fury. Zola had made some mistakes in the details of theatrical and turf life, and as one writer pointed out, Nana was shown accomplishing in a few years what, in actual life, would have taken a woman much longer to accomplish. Zola himself subsequently admitted the truth of this criticism. The blunder, however, was forced upon him by the scheme of the Rougon-Macquarts, which demanded that all the incidents of the series recorded take place between the years 1852 and 1870.

From *Nana* Zola passed to *Pot-Bouille* and *Au Bonheur des Dames.* He once had the curious idea of undertaking some book which he would never be able to finish, something which would give him occupation and at the same time allow him to retire from the every-day battle—for instance, some colossal and endless history of French literature. At this time he was suffering from melancholia, and his work showed signs of waning popularity. In a more cheerful mood he undertook *Germinal,* in the preparation of which he spent the best part of six months in travelling about, note-book in hand, through the various mining districts in the North of France and Belgium, interviewing miners, exploring mines, and studying the various types of socialist lecturers. Eight or nine years later he was still remembered by many of the miners, who pronounced him to be the most inquisitive gentleman that they had ever met. *Germinal* naturally was assailed as revolutionary and for some years later there was never a strike without some one casting the blame on Zola and his book. After *Germinal* came *L'Oeuvre,* treating of the Paris art world and *La Terre,* his great novel dealing with the French peasantry. In this book he aimed to do for the peasant what he had done in *L'Assommoir* for the Paris workman, that is, recount his history, manners, passions, and sufferings, such as they had been made by circumstances.

The chapters dealing with the English translations of Zola's works and the government prosecution of the Vizetellys may be passed over without any especial mention. They are not without interest, but the prominence given them is entirely out of proportion in a work of this nature. As to M. Zola's connection with the Dreyfus case that has been so often told that very little could be written that would be in any sense new to the most casual of readers.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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III.

GEORG BRANDES'S—"THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL IN FRANCE."*

AS a critic Georg Brandes is almost invariably as entertaining as he is instructive. As an interpreter of the famous group of humanly picturesque French writers, who called Rousseau their common father, the men of two generations ago,—he becomes sympathetically wise and delightfully eloquent. The France of Hugo, Musset, George Sand, Balzac, and Mérimée, with its intellectual luxuriance, its romantic air, its revolutionary background, has ever been dear to the heart of the Danish scholar. In the light of his enthusiasm his presentation of subject acquires the tone of close familiarity, retaining however its most valuable element, the dignity of a broad knowledge. With such splendor indeed has Dr. Brandes clothed the artistic-literary achievements of France that he has exposed himself to violent reproach and censure from his compatriots, to the ruling majority of whom that country's national culture, being destitute of and antagonistic toward, the Christian spirit, is vile. It may be true that he somewhat, now and then, idealizes French fiction; to those at all initiated it is well known that many of his productions have, in Denmark, for the reason stated, been branded with the mark of a degrading purpose. We of the wide Anglo-Saxon world may smile at this; but it should be remembered that in his own land Brandes is considered the reckless driver of the vehicle (it would be undignified, of course, to say automobile) of Free-thought, the chief gardener, or curator, in the nursery of Agnosticism. Everything he writes or says is measured by one standard. His persecutors have been at his heels for twenty years past, ever since he shocked but effectually inspired his countrymen, in 1881, by deliverig a most fearless series of lectures, in the auditorium of the University of Copenhagen. In justice to this able critic and historian, I may be permitted to apply his words about Théophile Gautier to himself.

"He taught his own generation and the generation to come, that no book, no document of the past, can be understood before we have gained an understanding of the physical conditions which produced it and formed an idea of the personality of the man who wrote it."

The present volume is the fifth in the collection entitled *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*. The author wrote and published this work in the original a number of years ago; he has, I believe, somewhat revised and amended it for reproduction in England, and here. On the whole, the difficult task of translation has been well performed; yet of Brandes' remarkable individuality of style a little more might, it seems to me, have been preserved. And why in the world is the critic's surname spelled George, on the title page? Is there, too, a Henry Heine? a Frederick Schiller? a John W. Goethe?

The Romantic School in France is a work abounding with impressions, vivid, and easily caught. It is moreover studded with enlightening anecdote. Scattered about through its 391 pages are striking conclusions that make one admire the ever alert psychological power of the author. There seems to be an almost paternal quality in the critic when he speaks of the young generation. "Their mothers," says Brandes, "had conceived them between two battles, and the thunder of canon had ushered them into the world." Later, when the youth has become the man mature, his foreign friend takes on the garb of the brother. He steps up close to him, stealthily, while he is at his work, and watches every movement of his graceful pen. He is with him, too, in the moments of play, spends long hours in the company of Alfred De Musset, desultory poet, concerning whose relation with George Sand, by the way, Brandes has many new and interesting observations to make.

"She was his inferior as an artist, but as a human being she was greater and far stronger. When they listened to an opera together, what affected him were the outbursts of heartfelt personal passion—the individual element. She, on the contrary, was affected by choruses—the expression of the emotions of common humanity."

Brandes concludes that after their separation, after the ending of their short stay in Italy (it lasted only four months)

**The Romantic School in France.* By Georg Brandes. The Macmillan Co.: New York.

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"she cast into the gulf which opened between them her immaturity, her tirades, her faults of taste, her man's clothes, and thenceforward was altogether feminine, althogether natural. Into the same gulf he cast his Don Juan costume, his bravado, his admiration for *Rolla,* his boyish insolence, and thenceforward was the man, the emancipated intellectual force."

His absence from Madame Sand unfortunately failed, however, to relieve him of his inveterate passion for narcotics. If 50,000 cups of coffee killed Balzac, how many glasses of absinthe and such fashionable beverages destroyed poor Alfred De Musset?

Of able critics the world has none to spare. Georg Brandes is one of the few men of letters in whom the knowledge acquired from books and that more stimulating, more living knowledge which is the inexhaustible wealth of every inquisitive, devoted student of life, are harmoniously blended. *The Romantic School in France* is the product of a mind at once rich and sympathetic. The "literary man" will find in this volume much of the stuff of which the novel is made—of the element most of our modern novels sorely lack. He will also, as will, inevitably, every reader, get near to the soul of an age in which a great literature was born.

Paul Harboe.

IV.

MR. WILSON'S "THE SEEKER."*

SINCE every one nowadays reads Mr. Bernard Shaw, diabolonian ethics are no longer a paradoxical, sacrilegious mystery to the vulgar common, and there is no reason in the world why a novel with a Devil's Disciple for hero should not be popular. That is exactly what Mr. Wilson has given us. Bernal Linford, in *The Seeker,* is the Devil's Advocate in the twentieth century, with the modern sanity that saves him from the highest reaches of fanaticism. With the final touch of madness that romanticism would have added he would be ridiculous and heroic. Actually he is a man of ordinary brain joined to somewhat extraordinary independence of character, who makes a fair success of a life that appears to th philistine a failure, and after some test o the world's indifferent temper sagacious ly abandons once cherished hopes of re forming it by the deliverance of hi "message."

As a child Bernal Linford shows him self a challenger of superstition, a defie of religious tradition. The setting of hi early history is admirable. The boy' older brother—it always takes two t make a story—is his natural foil, a pre ordained priest of respectability. Unde the tutelage of their grandfather, a clergyman of the old Calvinistic school— "one of the few last of a race of giants who were to believe always in the Printed Word"—they delve deep in the problems that have perplexed older minds. Allan Linford, swelled with conscious rectitude, elucidates the murderous theology of his ancestors with delightful boyish gravity and absurdity. The younger boy, constitutionally a poet and revolutionist, unwittingly satirises Christianity in his childish conclusions. By an ingenious course of reasoning, which is not so original as Mr. Wilson seems to believe, he fairly canonises Judas Iscariot for the horrified contemplation of his orthodox grandfather. The future of the boys could scarcely be in doubt. Allan goes from Presbyterianism to the Episcopal priesthood, thence to Catholicism. Egotist, hypocrite, tied to convention, he robs his brother of love, property, even of honour, always with the apparent sanction of the religion that he serves. Bernal grows out of his unconscious satire of Christianity to conscious defiance and then contempt of so puerile a religion. He flaunts in the faces of uncandid believers their outworn creeds, boasts his adherence to the higher law of an enlightened selfishness, and proclaims the new religion not of the future, but of the present,—a religion that stands for the best in humanity, and leaves God room to grow with his worshippers. He lives up to his belief by making sacrifices for his poor prig of a brother that shame the traditional Christian sacrifice, justifying them by the higher satisfaction he finds in following his best impulses. It is very shocking and unorthodox.

There is too much religion in the book for a story, and too much story—far too much real and vivid character drawing—

**The Seeker.* By Harry Leon Wilson New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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for a properly dull and respectable theological work. The key of the early chapters, in which the religious bogie man is lightly, impersonally satirised, is admirable. But as Bernal Linford emerges into consciousness of his convictions, Mr. Wilson, too, becomes more and more in earnest. Irony gives way to disputation. More than half of the book is polemical.

None of it is new. Not even the idea of putting into the form of fiction a fairly comprehensive statement of the "advanced" religious thought of the day is new. *Robert Elsmere* did that. *The Seeker* merely has an advantage of about fifteen years over *Robert Elsmore*. The new novel will make no direct converts; those to whom it has any freshness will find it basely irreverent, not to say blasphemous.

It is frank and courageous, with none of the hypocrisy that curses most English fiction. There is delightful humour in the earlier chapters, and every line is vigourously written—full of those touches of things common that bring conviction to a reader. The author of *The Spenders* and *The Lions of the Lord* has proved once more his insight into character, his skill in correlating motive and action. *The Seeker* will appeal above all to those who have fought their way out of the old theology that it ridicules; and probably this class is numerous enough to give the book the success it deserves.

Edward Clark Marsh.

V.

DR. FUNK'S "THE WIDOW'S MITE."*

PSYCHOLOGISTS will find some pretty problems in this presentation of the results of latter-day incursions into the realm of the mysterious. Dr. Funk's book belongs to that type of literature best represented by the late F. W. H. Myers's *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death,* and, like Mr. Myers's magnum opus, it is to be regarded as a direct outcome of the activity of members of the Society for Psychical Research in endeavouring to determine by actual proof the validity of the belief in the immortality of the soul. It is distinct from the majority of its fellows, however, in that its author, while attempting to cover all phases of psychic phenomena, contents himself, as a rule, with stating the questions raised by each, and above all seeks to be noncommittal in the matter of the crucial point in dispute—the acceptance or rejection of the spiritualistic hypothesis. Dr. Funk, nevertheless, need not be surprised if his readers perceive in him an advocate of spiritualism, and this despite his definite refusal to endorse Mr. Myers's conclusion: "After deducting all that is fraudulent and misleading in spiritualistic phenomena, and attributing all possible to subjective faculties, there still remains sufficient to justify sure belief in actual physical communication with discarnate spirits." Evidence of Dr. Funk's tendency to follow Mr. Myers is not lacking even in his carefully worded statements of the phenomena that came under his own observation: it is undeniably strong in the case of phenomena adduced from the experiences of such investigators as Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, and Professor Zöllner.

This, of course, must militate against the attainment of the object with which the book was avowedly written: "To do my best to persuade a larger number of trained scientists to serious, persistent and intelligent efforts to help in the solution of this problem." One skating over such thin ice cannot be too careful. Even such a little slip as "Rev. Stanton (sic) Moses, the great English medium, whose integrity has never been questioned to my knowledge," by a writer who has evidently perused Frank Podmore's "Modern Spirtualism," wherein the Rev. W. Stainton Moses figures prominently but not altogether creditably, is apt to engender a deplorable antagonism on the part of critics only too prone to skepticism. On the other hand, whatever Dr. Funk's predilections and however his manner of presentation, impartial readers will agree that he has propounded some riddles that cannot be answered by a "Tush!" and a shrug of the shoulders.

This is especially true of the problem from which the book takes its title—a problem characteristic of that phase of

**The Widow's Mite and Other Psychological Phenomena.* By I. K. Funk. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

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spiritualism hitherto regarded by scientists as most deserving of reprobation or contemptuous silence. Its salient facts may be summed up briefly. Attending a private séance at the house of a Brooklyn medium, a voice, alleged to be that of a "spirit" speaking at the instance of the late Henry Ward Beecher, directed Dr. Funk to return a coin belonging to a friend of Mr. Beecher. The coin, the "spirit" added, would be found in a large safe. At first Dr. Funk could make nothing of the message, but he soon recollected that at the time the *Standard Dictionary* was in preparation he had borrowed from a Professor West, an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Beecher and now deceased, an old coin known as "The Widow's Mite," from which he purposed making an illustration for the dictionary. The coin, he felt convinced, had been returned long before. A search of the office safe, however, revealed an envelope containing not one, but two "mites," differing in colour and size. Dr Funk was then reminded that an authority on Jewish money had been consulted to determine which of the two was genuine, and turning to the dictionary found that the coin of lighter hue had been used for reproduction. To test the "spirit" he inquired at a later séance which of the two was the veritable "mite," and was promptly informed: "The black one." Believing that he had caught the "spirit" napping, he communicated with the expert, to learn to his astonishment that the mysterious voice from the cabinet had given the correct answer, and that a mistake had been made in illustrating the dictionary.

His perplexity was increased by the fact that while the "spirit" had told so much it failed to name the dead owner or him who was now legally entitled to the coin. This lacuna interposed a serious obstacle to accounting for the message on the hypothesis of "telepathy," or on that of actual communication with the dead; against the latter hypothesis being the further objection of presuming that the spirit of Henry Ward Beecher would adopt such a means of proving the survival of identity. Against the hypothesis of fraud stood several facts: that the medium received no compensation for her "sittings;" that she shunned notoriety; that the strictest inquiry failed to show that she had acquaintance with any one who could have knowledge of the incidents connected with the coin; and that all about the publishing house were of like mind with Dr. Funk in believing that the "mite" had long ago been restored. There remained the hypothesis of coincidence, an hypothesis which the scientists before whom Dr. Funk laid the case, and whose comments on it are included as an appendix to the main body of the volume, almost unanimously agree with him in rejecting. Their letters are not only of much interest but also of great importance, as, on the one hand, showing clearly the different points of view from which individual thinkers approach such questions, and, on the other, indicating that if scientists as a class are yet indisposed to grant that psychical research is finding a positivistic basis, there is an increased tendency towards a more liberal attitude. It is to be regretted that space forbids citation. Not a few of the writers, disregarding the affidavits submitted to them with Dr. Funk's statement of the affair, declare for the hypothesis of fraud, certain that there must be trickery somewhere. Of the remainder —with the balance inclining to the theory of the exercise of subconscious faculties of the mind—the majority are guarded in their expressions of opinion. Dr. Funk himself refrains from rendering a verdict, but, taking into consideration his treatment of kindred phenomena, it is not difficult to see where his sympathies lie.

These phenomena, forming the bulk of the work, range from planchette writing to the levitation tricks—for tricks we must regard them—of the celebrated Daniel Dunglas Home. There is this peculiarity about the author's attitude: that when it is a question of matters he has himself investigated he is quick to reject chicanery and fraud; whereas, in regard to phenomena witnessed by other observers he is not always careful to exclude manifestations unsupported—so far as concerns his narrative—by proof of an evidential value. An extremely interesting portion of his book is that devoted to disquisitions from the "spirit world," not only expounding the tenets and teachings of that unknown sphere, but justifying or excusing mediums caught by Dr. Funk in peculiar practices. It is worth noting

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that these disquisitions have been proof-read by "spirit bands"—a fact that will elicit disapproving grunts from sceptics. Even sceptics, however, viewing the work as a whole, will admit that Dr. Funk has produced a volume calculated to fulfil its purpose of stimulating interest in psychical research. Mayhap the "Night Side of Nature" will yet find its vindication. *H. Addington Bruce.*

VI.

MR. MAARTENS' "DOROTHEA."*

IT is somewhat remarkable that fiction dealing with problems of sex treats the subject almost exclusively from the social and not from the equally important biological side. Probably the reason is that those who use the novel for this purpose are such women as Charles Godfrey Leland, in his very suggestive posthumous work, *The Alternate Sex,* describes as possessing a rudimentary, masculine element in the constitution of their feminine intellects and who, chafing under social restraint, demand a state of moral equality; or are men with some social plan to propose—a working formula that would completely fail to work. The normal, healthy minded male writer, of whom Mr. Maarten Maartens is a conspicuous living example declines to make a problem out of the amouristic relation. For it would be decidedly wrong to speak of *Dorothea* as a problem novel. Nevertheless one cannot lay down this highly interesting and swiftly moving tale without realising that the author has conveyed two important facts: first, that men and women are, after all, very different kinds of beings, and second, that the true ethical value of any person's act does not depend on the nature of the act itself, but on the sum total of the results upon the individual and others whom it affects.

But whether or not the reader is interested in the author's attempt to prove that there is no biological sanction for the idea of the same moral law for both men and women, his time is going to be repaid by a thoroughly readable story. One envies the writer his intimate acquaintance with high social life in Europe and cannot help but admire his great skill in portraying and contrasting the chief characteristics of the different peoples. From Sweden to Italy and from England to Russia he is everywhere at home.

Still the book is deficient in several qualities that are considered indispensable in the popular novel. Chief among these is that it is singularly lacking in sentiment. The heroine is quite devoid of it. *A Story of the Pure in Heart* is the sub-title, and the idea is carried out by surrounding Dorothea and her husband, who are "pure in heart," each in his own way, by an extraordinary collection of the most worldly and in large part, none too virtuous associates.

The motherless and wealthy Dorothea Sandring is brought up in Holland by her maternal aunts in the most narrow fashion. Of life she knows nothing, and this tale of the evolution of her humanity is cheerfully recommended to all who have been similarly unfortunate. The father, an Englishman and a soldier of fortune, claims his daughter on her twenty-first birthday with the expectation that he will then control her money, and thus be free to marry the quite disreputable Blanche de Fleuryse. But he is ignorant of the fact that according to Dutch law, an unmarried woman does not come of age until she is twenty-three. By the time this discovery has been made he has taken his daughter to Nice, where she is unwillingly dragged into the corrupt social life of the Riviera. Dismayed at having Dorothea a useless encumbrance on his hands for two years, he attempts to marry her to Count Pini, an Italian of very much his own moral stripe. But the girl rejects the Count's proposal, and the father, for he is not bad at heart, yields in good grace when she accepts an offer of marriage from Egon von Roden, a scion of a noble German house.

Egon is as unworldly in his own way as is Dorothea, and his life has been embittered by a lameness, the result of an accident in a youthful but harmless love escapade. The whole von Roden family is delightful. The charming mother realising Dorothea's unfitness for the world, attempts to give the girl an inkling of what she must expect.

"'You are young,'" she says: "'you have led—God be praised—an exceptionally sheltered life. You know nothing of men's tempta-

**Dorothea.* By Maarten Maartens, New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1904.

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tions. I believe, before God, that the husband you have chosen to-night is honest and pure, as his own father, but,—I could not say the same, not even of all my own nearest and dearest. . . . If I say this to you—so much!—it is because, oh Dorothea, you can go back. Men's ideas of right and wrong are not like women's, dearest.'"

But the young people do not "go back." In fact, they were very pleased to marry. They knew little of each other's characters or inclinations; what little they knew they thought exceedingly fine. They liked each other's faces. In fact, they were in love. . . . There was every chance that they would continue to like each other's faces, and admire each other's characters for some considerable time to come.

"At the very first an immense disappointment had befallen Egon, of which Dorothea was absolutely unable to form the slightest conception. In fact, the difficulty to her was non-existent. She saw through a stone wall.

"In the carriage which took them to the station he had flung himself forward, 'My beauty, my own!'

"Dorothea shrank back. 'Don't Egon,' she said, softly, 'You must never kiss me like that again.'"

What wonder, then, that the pure-hearted Egon finally succumbs to the studied seductions of a sensual Italian woman, and when he immediately blabs the whole of the wretched story to his wife, we can only exclaim with the character in *Patience*: "Why what a most particularly pure young man, that pure young man must be."

But Dorothea cannot see it in this light. She loves her husband, but the broken marriage vow must keep them apart forever. The long mental process that leads to their reunion is splendidly worked out. The conversion is forced by a minister, her life-long friend, Mark Lester, who is dying of consumption and whom Dorothea, with a fine disregard for *les convenances* is nursing. With a clear insight into the basis of human nature that is often given the ascetic when denied those who are its sport and its victims, he tears away the binding fetters of her narrowness.

"'Dear, the purity of a man, of a woman, these are not the same. . . . Think it out for yourself. They are not the same. Evil is evil before God, yet—yet these are not the same. God has willed it so; there should be difference between man and woman—lesser measure—other passion—greater fault. Woman's cowardice is not like man's; there is a difference.' . . . A new womanhood awoke within her. . . . The consciousness that love has many forms and that human hearts are weak."

And Dorothea sends for her husband—her humanity is complete.

No idea can be given within these limits of the plot that leads through many countries of the characters that fill the story—the Dutch relations, the von Rodens, the German Biérmädel and her wonderful matrimonial career; the Kanenfels, the very worldly French maid, etc. Their portrayal, considering their number, is somewhat remarkable. Indeed it is hard to recall any recent novel in which the characters stand out so well in the memory.

The men are manly and the women are womanly and we realise that for the preservation of the charm and attraction of sex it is not well for women to lead mannish lives or for men to practise the exclusively feminine virtues.

George H. Casamajor.

VII.

MR. PATERNOSTER'S "MOTOR PIRATE."*

AN entertaining and legitimate field for air castles lies in the idea of modern piracy conducted along strictly scientific lines. You are at perfect liberty to picture yourself the owner of a gigantic battleship encased in impenetrable armor, carrying irresistible guns, capable of a speed of say between forty and fifty nautical miles an hour, and manned by a crew of desperate cut throats, absolutely devoted to your interests and obedient to your wishes. Over this ship you hoist the black flag, roam the seas, accumulate billions of loot, and throw back a defiant laugh at the futile efforts of the combined navies of the earth to prevent or to inflict punishment for your misdeeds. Mr. Paternoster's day-dream, of which he has builded *The Motor Pirate,* is not of such large proportions. He presents us with a modern Dick Turpin who has constructed a peculiar motor car that runs about

**The Motor Pirate.* By G. Sidney Paternoster. Boston: Messrs. L. C. Page & Company.

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at a speed of from eighty to one hundred miles an hour, and which enables its owner to practice the approved tricks of a knight of the road with comparative safety to himself. The description of this extraordinary car is certain to delight and amaze those who through experience have come to have some acquaintance with the eccentricities of motor cars in general. The only noise that it makes is "a curious humming sound;" it runs without visible vibration and never suffers from punctured tires, overheated engine, defective batteries, or any of the other infirmities that automobiles hitherto known to man have been heir to. With such an extraordinary invention Mr. Paternoster could not fail to make a fairly entertaining book.

According to the ideas which have prevailed in fiction of late years, the motor pirate is a perfectly conventional scoundrel, who relieves his victims of their valuables with perfect suavity and who when not pursuing his nefarious profession conducts himself socially in a manner that wins the admiration of all about him. Mr. Paternoster allows the reader to guess at the pirate's real identity comparatively early in the book—in fact, about that there is not much mystery at all, since all the other characters of any importance have been more or less the pirate's victims. The pirate reaches the pinnacle of his fame when he holds up King Edward the Seventh, referred to in the book as a certain August Personage. The chapter relating this exploit shows the motor pirate at his best and wittiest.

"If further proof were wanted to connect your friend with the motor pirate (says Forrest) those words would be sufficient. If what I know leaks out, the Pirate will fill the popular mind more to-morrow than he has done in the past even. Yesterday morning, within six miles of Sandringham, he held up"—he hesitated—"I must mention no names—he held up, let me say, an August Personage."

"The King?"I cried.

"An August Personage," remarked Forrest, severely, "in broad daylight."

"Let me hear all about it," I asked eagerly.

"I don't know that I can tell you everything, for so far I only know the particulars wired to the Yard. But the story is complete enough to enable me to do what I have hitherto failed in, and that is, complete the necessary identification of our friend Mannering. And curiously enough, it is owing to the keen powers of observation possessed by the—"

"The August Personage," I reminded him, a trifle maliciously as he hesitated. Forrest laughed.

"Quite right, you score that time," he remarked.

"Owing to the August Personage's keen powers of observation, I am able to lay my finger on the one point which has puzzled me, namely, the manner by which Mannering has managed to escape suspicion. It is a simple trick. So simple, in fact, that I cannot conceive how I managed to overlook such a possibility for so long. However, you shall hear the facts as they were told to me and judge for yourself with what transparent means we have been hoodwinked by the rascal. The August Personage, who, as you are probably aware, has been staying at Sandringham for some days past, has been in the habit of taking a ride on one of his cars whenever the roads were in good condition, accompanied only by his chauffeur. This morning he started for the customary run shortly after eleven, with the intention of taking a circular trip and returning for luncheon. The intention was not fulfilled since before reaching Hunstanton, the Pirate made his appearance, and approaching as usual from behind overtook the August motor. The August driver did not at first take any notice of the approaching car, but, merely imagining that the driver had recognised him, and felt some delicacy at passing, he signalled with his hand for the stranger to go ahead. What was his surprise to hear the stranger in a loud voice bid him stop his car. He turned to look at the audacious person who had dared take such unwarrantable liberty, and at once observed with whom he had to deal. The Pirate had in his hand a revolver, which was leveled at the August head. The August face flushed with anger, and, turning away, he contemptuously took no notice of the summons. The Pirate thereupon fired two shots, aimed, fortunately, neither at the August Personage nor at the chauffeur, but at the tires of the back wheels. The aim was good, the tires ran down at once, and the August Personage found progress on the rims to be so uncomfortable that he thought it desirable to stop. The stranger ranged alongside, and the chauffeur, rising from his seat was about to throw himself at the throat of the assailant, when his August master laid a hand upon his arm.

" 'No, no,' he said, 'I can easily get another car, but I do not know that I could replace my chauffeur.'

"Thereupon the Pirate observed, 'I think,

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sir, there is so much wisdom in your remark that, in spite of my necessities, I almost feel inclined to forego my usual toll in your case.'

"The August Personage, whose coolness had never for a moment deserted him, replied imperturbably:

"'Having robbed me of a morning's enjoyment, it seems to me there is nothing of any particular value left for you to take.'

"'Then, sir,' replied the rascal, 'you will be doubtless glad to purchase my immediate disappearance with the contents of the August pockets?'

"August was not the word he used, but it was one which showed that he was acquainted with the personality of his victim. The August Personage shrugged his shoulders, and, searching his pockets, could produce nothing but a cigarette case and a button. To show his sang froid, I need only remark that when he produced the latter article he laughed heartily and said to the chauffeur:

"'I hope, P———, you have something to add to the contents of my pockets, or I fear this too eager gentleman will destroy our front tires as well as the back.'

"The chauffeur had some loose gold, a silver match box, and a watch, and when these were produced, speaking with the same nonchalance he had retained throughout, the August Personage remarked:

"'I fear you have drawn a blank this time, Mr. Pirate, for, upon my word, that is the best I can do for you.'

"The Pirate took the articles. Then he raised his hat. 'I take,' he said, 'the August word as readily as I take these souvenirs of this memorable meeting; and with these words, he pulled a lever and was speedily out of sight."

This episode is a very good sample of an amusing story.

Firmin Dredd.

VIII–IX.

TWO HISTORICAL NOVELS.*

I SUPPOSE neither of these books can be fairly said to be "of importance" on its own account, but they illustrate so well a certain line of demarcation as to be quite worthy to point the moral of what may be and what must not. Both are typical tales of Renaissance heroes, who, when they whip out their rapiers (which they are doing most of the time) make the killings of David sink into as abject insignificance as those of Saul. Fortune stands ever ready to second prowess in snatching these gentry from the clustering perils with which foolhardy courage and rank stupidity are always trying to overwhelm them. Of course they can't be overwhelmed, and we are honestly glad they can't. All of us who have frankly human tastes like such stories, and we must not be too ready to let the mere snorting of the locomotive get on our nerves when it is taking us to some strange and pleasant country far from the desk and the shop and the sky-scraper that is and that is to be. All we have a reasonable right to ask is that the country shall look like real country. If we should happen upon a herd of industrious Italians digging an open-trench subway through the primeval forest, we would be entitled to feel indignant; if we should find the gas bill on our breakfast plate in the vine-clad cottage under the hill, we would have a perfect right to suspect some sort of imposition in the whole business.

In these respects the two stories comprised in the *Cadets of Gascony* are altogether acceptable. They are by no means great literature; there is no compelling; Salammboesque picture of the times; but, on the other hand, there is nothing that makes us sure it is not the times, and the swashbuckler gentry and their adventures have verisimilitude enough to please and satisfy minds too dead tired of all this twentieth-century realism to be hypercritical about any other century.

On the other hand, *A Night with Alessandro* is just a hollow sham. We feel as if we had been invited to go to the country and our conductor had dumped us off at Schuetzen Park. It is Italy of the Renaissance with the local colour of Sixth Avenue, as bad—yes, quite as bad as *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. A heroine named Blanche Lamont would seem to carry a vague suggestion of the Tenderloin, even without the author's alluding to her as "French Blanche," while there is a breezy, Ah-there-Petey tone to the conversations that plays the deuce and all with the mood that asks only a least little bit of reason to believe itself where it wants to be. The incidents, too, lack the crude relation of values that we demand, and usually there is no more

*Cadets of Gascony. By Burton E. Stevenson. Philadelphia: The Lippincott Company.

A Night With Alessandro. By T. Cleveland, Jr. New York: Messrs. Henry Holt and Company.

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apparent excuse for the characters' getting into the necessary predicaments than there is for their getting out again. Surely such clumsy adjustments and impersonations strike at the foundations of our love for historical romance and good old-fashioned love-making and blood-letting; all of which goes to show where we draw the line that must be drawn somewhere. *Duffield Osborne.*

THE SEX PROBLEM NOVEL AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

TO the average Anglo-Saxon reader, the phrase Sex Problem Novel is not merely a generic name for a certain type of subtle and intimate studies of human life, but a term of active disapproval as well,—a convenient euphemism implying that a book is at least of questionable morality, if not actually unspeakable. It gives expression to that same spirit of prudish intolerance which objects to the nude in sculpture and painting, and fosters the polite fiction that humanity is born, like Minerva, fully clad. In point of fact, however, the problems of sex, which often form tragic depths beneath the surface of apparently uneventful lives, can no more be disregarded by the sincere novelist than the true artist can ignore the pose of rounded limbs beneath the folds of the drapery that he paints. In the human life of to-day, which after all is the only form of life that we really know or can intelligently conceive, sex is a factor as vital and as omnipresent as light and air and sunshine, and as impossible to ignore. It would be curious and interesting, no doubt, if we could for a single hour survey the world from the sluggish standpoint of a sexless earthworm, or through the methodical, utilitarian mind of a worker ant. But we can never get so far outside ourselves as to do that. And our novels must continue to be pictures of life, seen through essentially masculine or feminine eyes, the life of average men and women of to-day, who interest us in books, as they do in real life, mainly because they share our own faults and weaknesses, because they are swayed by like emotions and passions, because their eyes are opened to that elemental knowledge of good and evil which is part of our human heritage.

The prejudice against the Sex Problem Novel comes largely from a mistaken idea that its scope is limited to stories of illicit attachments, unsavoury divorce suits, and kindred subjects of morbid and abnormal interest. Unfortunately it is quite true that many writers who have been close students of sex questions have been led, either by an unhealthy curiosity or a desire for notoriety, into the lowest and most stagnant depths,—and strangely enough some of the chief offenders in this respect have been women. It was a woman who studied, in *Sir Richard Calmady,* the mental and moral perversions of a mere caricature of a man, a pitiful and repulsive remnant of humanity; it was a woman who, in *Jack Raymond,* seemed to gloat over the senile vices of an unnatural old man; it was a woman who, in *Smoking Flax,* drew a detailed and repellent picture of the crime which is mainly responsible for negro lynching in the South. And these instances might easily be multiplied. Such subjects should find no place in the pages of popular fiction; they belong exclusively to the domain of criminology and medical jurisprudence. It is a flagrant abuse of the term, to call them Sex Problem novels; they belong, together with Robert Hichens's morphine novel, *Felix,* to the fortunately narrow category of pathological fiction.

The Sex Problem Novel, on the other hand, is as wide as humanity itself. To the author who looks upon life with the frank discernment of a realist, every story containing a man and a woman is a new and original sex problem—and it makes no difference whether the theme is the gilded misery of a Sapho or a Camille, or merely the transient perplexity of a young stenographer, like Neith Boyce's *Provident Woman,* hesitating whether to accept an invitation from her employer to lunch with him. At all hours of the day, in every path of life,

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the eternal question of sex will rise up, to change and complicate, to tempt or to repel. And the author who fails to recognise this fact and to make us feel the force of it is false to the realities of life. The plain truth is that the majority of novels, instead of having too much sex in them, fail to have enough. Take any spot where men and women congregate for idleness and pleasure,—ball or opera, or horse-show, the boulevards of Paris, the church fair in some little New England village,—any spot where you get the glitter of many lights, the thoughtless gaiety of youth, the sensuous blending of colour and perfume and the soft laughter of women. Let a novelist picture such a scene, and you can tell at a glance to what rank to assign him. Any journalist can give you the mere externals; he can count the incandescent bulbs, and tell you the costumes the women wore, and the colour of their eyes and hair, and all the idle, foolish things they said. But only an artist in words can make you see the scene as it really is, with all its undercurrent of pent-up feeling, the bounding pulse of youthful blood, the contagious gaiety of a joyous throng, that goes to the head like champagne. There is more of the elusive witchery of sex, more that is unmistakably masculine and unmistakably feminine, in the fragments of speech, the snatches of careless laughter, the blending of gay sounds that reach the ear in a space of five minutes, than the average novelist could crowd into twenty of his books. And who can transmit to the black and white of the printed page the curve of a rounded throat, the subtle significance of a woman's glance?

But turning to that more vital and intimate class of themes which in a narrower sense constitute the Sex Problem Novel, one principle may be emphatically laid down. A novelist is under no compulsion to base his plot upon feminine frailty or marital infidelity. But if he chooses such a theme, it is only fair to insist that he shall tell the story frankly and fearlessly, without reservations. A careful and searching analysis of a human life has a certain ethical interest, and it may teach some useful lessons. But it is robbed of half its significance, if it is told only in disjointed fragments, and we lack the necessary links with which to complete the chain. Readers in this country would scarcely tolerate the brutal frankness of such studies of women's lives as Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, or Maupassant's *Une Vie*. But at least you feel that you have plucked out the heart of the mystery; you have read those women to their very soul. The majority of American novelists err on the contrary through too great reticence; and it is often an interesting question whether they do this from a mistaken notion of delicacy, or because they lack the finer subtleties of the French psychologues. One of the best instances you could possibly find is Robert Grant's much discussed novel, *Unleavened Bread*. His Selma White was up to a certain point a genuine creation; typically American, in the sense that no other country on the face of the globe could have produced her; inordinately ambitious, with a superficial adaptability to improved surroundings, such as only the underbred western woman possesses; as far removed from the really cultured men and women whom she emulates as Grand Rapids furniture is from Chippendale, and yet successfully assuming a veneer of good manners which takes a deceptively high polish. Almost everyone who read *Unleavened Bread* recognised the type; there are enough Selma Whites in the country to have come within the average man's range of experience. But the Selma Whites of real life are not usually women of any great personal charm. Robert Grant's heroine, on the contrary, must have had the witchery of sex to an uncommon degree. She had no less than three husbands, drawn from three different spheres of life; a plain business man, of limited ability; an architect of high culture and literary aspirations; and a pushing politician, combining great natural gifts with utter unscrupulousness of method. All three of these men must have had radically different ideals of womanhood; yet each of them seemed to find his ideal in Selma White. A Bourget, a Marcel Prévost, would not have rested content until he had cleared up the mystery and made us not only understand but personally feel the precise attraction which this woman had for each one of the three men whose lives were intimately associated with her own. It surely might have been done without any

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ross indiscretion; and if Robert Grant ailed to give the needed clue, it is only air to surmise that he simply was not ure in his own mind just what sort of a oman Selma White really was in the rivacy of her home life.

A novel which offers a startling con-rast to the usual Anglo-Saxon reticence s Morley Robert's latest volume, *Rachel Marr.* This is a book which, in fairness, ust be judged by continental rather than y English standards, for if it lacks the ower of Maupassant and the limpid usic of D'Annunzio, it comes as near as n Englishman's book is likely to come o rivalling them in audacity. It would e hard to find two books more dissimilar n plot than *Rachel Marr* and D'Annun-io's *Trionfo della Morte;* and yet the atter was the volume which came most ersistently to mind, throughout the read-ng of Mr. Robert's story. The plot of *Rachel Marr* is not easily compressed into . brief epitome, but its central thought eems to be sufficiently clear. It is a young girl's rude awakening to the lemental physical facts of life, and he lasting psychological effect of this udden knowledge. More briefly still, t is the frankest study, since Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata,* of the attraction and epulsion of sex, the instinctive and pri-nordial hostility between man and voman. But when we go a step farther, nd attempt to analyse the plot of *Rachel Marr* in detail, we find ourselves inevita-ly making a series of false starts, giv-ng a succession of side views and half glimpses, each of them true enough, so far as they go, but none conveying an adequate impression of the haunting and morbid strength of the book. For in-stance, it may be defined as the story of a girl who unconsciously fights against the growth of love in her heart, until it is too late, and the man she cares for has bound himself to another woman; and then she undergoes a revulsion of feel-ing, and would sacrifice the esteem of the present world and her hope of the next, to win him back. And yet this does not touch any of the really vital issues of Mr. Robert's book. Again, it might be defined as a study in heredity. Rachel herself is "a child of sin," one of those unfortunate beings who are handi-capped by the inheritance of the same lawless passions that proved their par-ents' downfall. Her father is an Italian priest, false to his vows, and condemned to a life-long exile in a distant corner of Tasmania; her mother's lot is the bitter penance of a well-kept secret, and tedious years of solitary brooding that have slow-ly destroyed her health and unhinged her mind. And in Rachel, the mother's fra-ilty, crossed with a strain of hot southern blood, produces a strange and tempestu-ous nature, moody, self-repressed, and tingling with a superabundance of vital-ity. Or still again, it could be summed up as a story of clashing creeds, a study of the conflict between nature and dog-ma. Rachel has been reared in the faith of Rome, but her religion means no more to her than "an algebra learned by rote." At heart she is a pagan, with a "passion-ate adoration of the flesh," and "bathes her soul in sunlight and a vast instinctive Pantheism." Anthony Perran, the man who fears that he will love her, the man whose love she fears, has been bred in the narrow tenets of Wesleyanism. He worships a God who "is outside of life and abhors it;" he is an ascetic who "re-lentlessly builds against nature;" and be-cause Rachel represents to him the temp-tations of the world and the flesh, he de-nies himself the joy of wooing her, be-lieving that "all flesh is acceptable as a burnt offering to the deity." But he mis-trusts his own strength of mind, and seeks to put between them the barrier of another woman,—his frail, neurotic, vi-perish cousin Winnie: "There was safety in such a pale woman; he would marry her as a duty, as a salvation, as a method of denial, as a safeguard." And marry her he does, and enters upon a life of mental and moral anguish,—for Winnie is a woman with the heart of a Shylock; she will exact her pound of flesh; a nar-row, jealous, envious little vixen, who will slowly and smilingly lash a dog to death, because the dog is dear to the woman who is her rival. And after all, Anthony's sacrifice is worse than useless, and the barrier he has reared is impotent to part him from Rachel, because when the hour comes and she calls him to her, he obeys the summons, even though their pathway, like that trodden by D'Annun-zio's Georgio Aurispa and Ippolita, leads only to the triumph of death.

In concluding this fragmentary and inadequate summary of an exceptional

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book, it is only fair to add that to most readers it will be as repellent as it is strong. There is a fulsome rankness about it, suggestive of the riotous vegetation of a stagnant fen. Its strength is at times the erosive strength of vitriol, which, dashed across the foundation stones of our morality and religion and social ethics, seems to leave them streaked and blurred. And its keynote, as already suggested, lies in the following passage:

"Perhaps all women have hated all men. Later in her life, Rachel saw that: she even saw that all men hate all women. Each is the enemy: they are divergent and diverging allies. They sacrifice themselves for the race and rarely forget the sacrifice."

Among the early spring novels there was one called *The Test,* which, without being a notably strong book, or even a well constructed book, contained a few scenes that persist in haunting the memory. It was the story of a proud young girl, refined and cultured, who has loved not wisely but too well. Her wedding day is set, the invitations are issued, the bridal dress is finished, when the news comes that the bridegroom is missing,—in a drunken revel he has married another and very different type of woman. The pages that are not easily forgotten are those that describe the way in which the girl receives the news of her desertion, the silent, stony misery in her eyes, as she looks down the coming months and faces the shame which must inevitably become current gossip before many weeks elapses. A kindred story, done however with far surer touch, is *The Mother of Pauline,* by L. Parry Truscott. The family of Pauline Ayres feel that she has made a decided "catch," when she receives an offer of marriage from Everard Lomas, the son of the leading practitioner of their village. Everard's happiness is the one thing which his father has considered, throughout the young man's life. And since his medical studies are completed, and a share of his father's extensive practice is waiting for him, there seems no good reason for delaying the marriage. The wedding day is set; the impatient young couple eagerly measure off the hours and days and weeks. And then suddenly, like a bombshell comes the news that the ceremony must be indefinitely postponed. Everard's mother died years before of tuberculosis; he himself has inherited a troublesome weakness of the lungs, and recently has developed a persistent and alarming cough. The specialist who his father insists upon consulting looks grave and suggests a prolonged sea voyage,—and as it happens, they know of an old friend who is about to start upon an exploring trip of many months, in distant and little known waters. Something is said, in a tentative sort of way, about a wedding before he sails; but the girl's family advise against it; there are seeds of disease; if, in short the sea voyage proves a failure, then they argue, the ceremony must never take place at all. Only the young couple themselves could tell the vital reason for not delaying the marriage,—and neither of them chooses to speak. When Everard returns, nearly a year later, in full vigour of recovered health, eager to claim the bride whom he has never for a moment intended to desert, he receives in one blow the news which for many months past has crushed and humiliated and bothered their families. Pauline's child,—his child—is nearly nine weeks old. Unlike the plot of *The Test,* there is no obstacle to a speedy marriage,—indeed, all parties concerned are eager to hasten this conclusion. But the secret has been well kept; and, in a small, gossipy English village, it is essential that it should continue to be kept, if Everard does not wish to see an end of his hope of falling heir to his father's practice. In Pauline, however, the instinct of motherhood is stronger than her love for Everard, stronger even than her fear of social ostracism. It is only after a painful and tragic struggle that she consents to be separated from the child, and even this separation is soon brought to a close, because a serious and prolonged illness makes them for a time despair of her life, and results in a compromise, by which the little Pauline is brought home, to pass in public as an adopted daughter. The best part of the book lies in this study of motherhood, forced by circumstances into taking sides against husband and father, and fighting a brave and persistent battle, until in the end honesty triumphs and the child receives public recognition.

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Illegitimacy seems to have suddenly become a favourite theme among English novelists. It forms the foundation stone of Violet Jacob's new story, *The Interloper,* which for this reason, if for no other, is entitled to be numbered among the recent sex problem novels. Gilbert Speid, who fills the title role, is heir to a fine old estate, well up the east coast of Scotland, "where rolling woods, purple in the shadow, stretch north towards the blue Grampians." There are just a few people still living who remember the circumstances of the marriage of Gilbert's father, and of his own birth, three years later. They remember how the late laird had not at first prospered in his wooing, and how, after emphatically refusing him, the lady suddenly changed her mind, although making no secret of her small love for him. And then came the tragic day, after Gilbert's birth, when "there was a great cry in the house, and the servants, rushing up, met Mr. Speid coming down the stairs and looking as if he did not see them." They found their mistress in a terrible state of excitement, and two days later she was dead. At the age of five, little Gilbert followed his father into the latter's voluntary exile in Spain, and there he grew up, in complete ignorance of everything connected with his father's married life. As a matter of fact, while he himself knows nothing about it, there is just one person still living who knows that he is not entitled to the name he bears; that this painful truth, coming suddenly to the elder Speid's knowledge, precipitated the quarrel from which his mother died; in short, that in returning now to claim his inheritance, he is, if the truth were but known, only an interloper, without a penny or a rod of ground which he could call his own. And because the one old woman who possesses this knowledge cannot find it in her heart to forgive the man who was really Gilbert Speid's father, this old, forgotten scandal is resurrected, to stand as an obstacle between Gilbert himself and the girl whom he has learned to love. Like Violet Jacob's earlier volume, *The Sheep Stealers,* this book is marked by a delicate and distinctive workmanship. Its delineation of Scotch character is admirably vivid and full of humourous appreciation. In more than one respect it calls to mind the assured touch of that worthy contemporary of Jane Austen, Miss Susan Ferrier.

Of all the various aspects of the sex problem, none is more interesting to-day than that of the changed attitude of the sexes, consequent upon the steady invasion of women into the fields of commerce, and the professions. The presence of woman, as a factor of increasing importance in the business world, has been abundantly discussed by the students of social economics; but to the novelist it offers a new and unexplored field, and its interest is not economic, but psychological:—it propounds the question: What will be the effect upon the relation of the sexes when woman learns to look upon man, not as a possible lover or husband, but as a serious rival and competitor in the daily struggle for life? It was pleasant to find that genial and always readable author of *The People of the Whirlpool* turning her attention to this class of themes in her latest volume, *The Woman Errant.* The advent of a new book from this placid and sensible pen is an occasion for a good many people to settle quietly back in an easy chair, with a contented sigh, preparatory to a long and pleasant evening in good company. You are sure, at least, of an atmosphere of refinement, and good old-fashioned domesticity; you are sure also of renewing acquaintance with such unforgotten friends as Evans the Commuter, not to mention Barbara herself; that fine old Knickerbocker gentlewoman, Lavinia Dorman, since married to another acquaintance, Martin Cortright,—and it may be added, just here, that if these familiar friends have failed to win your regard in the past, then you might as well leave the covers of *The Woman Errant* unopened, for the enjoyment which it holds in store for its readers is essentially of the same quality as that of its predecessors. It does, however, touch rather trenchantly upon some aspects of the modern woman, the "Woman Errant," as contrasted with the "Woman Domestic." Here, for instance, is a single paragraph, sufficiently strong and characteristic to stand as an adequate summary of the whole book:

> It is the age of the woman who goes forth, the woman errant. . . . Her chief end and aim seems to be the gaining of what she calls 'recognition' and 'identity.' By many devious

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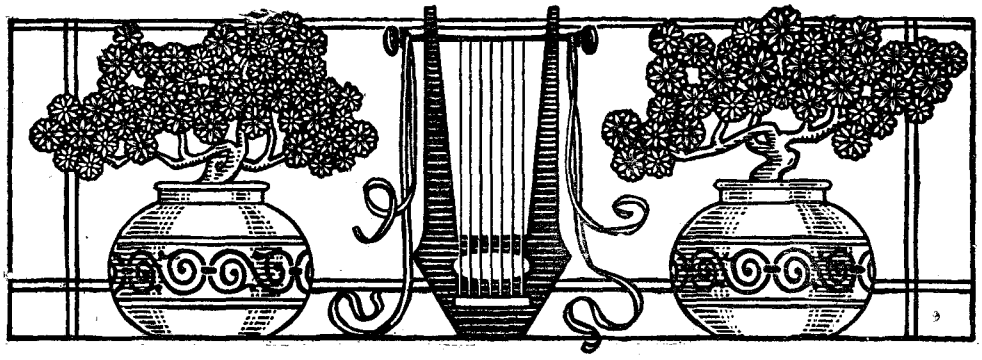
paths does she seek it, but I truly think that the general and intelligent rush clubward is the most piteous scene in the entire drama, for, under the plea of independent thought and action, the majority are dominated by the few who scheme for their own personal ends; while to the maid, wife and widow the club offers an equal snare, for there is no phase of life too sacred or private for the woman's club to probe with its meddling, restless fingers, and by establishing a glittering counter-field to home life, saps the vitality of home itself.

This same theme, treated in a tone of breezy satire, often exaggerated to the point of caricature, forms the material of an amusing and fairly clever little book, *The Confessions of a Club Woman,* by Agnes Surbridge. The supposed writer of these "confessions" is the wife of a Chicago grocer, Joe Henning, and has been still further handicapped in the struggle for social prestige by an inconsiderate father, who endowed her with the absurd baptismal name of Johnaphine. Thanks, however, to the democratic spirit of women's clubs, she soon wins the social prestige to which her beauty and her cleverness entitle her, notwithstanding the grocery business and the ridiculous name,—and with the latter shortened to "Mrs. Jack," she eventually achieves the summit of her ambitions, the presidency of the leading woman's club of the west. Incidentally, she comes near to wrecking beyond repair her home life and with it her real happiness. And yet *The Confessions of a Club Woman* is not intended as a protest against the club as a feminine institution, since it closes with the assertion, on the lips of one of the principal characters, that "the all-round perfect club-woman is after all the only all-round perfectly developed woman."

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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"THE OLD FAVOURITES."

They have not lost their charm in spite
Of all the books the moderns write.
Perhaps it profits us to stray,
Once in a while, to Thackeray,
Forsake our Howells now and then
For Dickens's vital maids and men;
Leave James's balanced phrasing nice
For leaves of "Pride and Prejudice;"
Turn to the men of Scott to save us
From these queer prigs of H—g D—s.

"Our art's a finer art," says Howells;
Perhaps—in sentences and vowels.
But give us for delight to scan
Somewhere, a Woman and a Man.
We much prefer, if truth be told,
The art that paints in ways of old,
The Thought that moves, the Passions' play,
The Nature touch, the Human way,
And daughters fair and stalwart sons
In whom the blood is red that runs.

"A finer art," forsooth—go to!
Do these not measure up to *you?*
They searched the heavens where *you* peep!
You swim the shallows, they the deep;
And where *you* would not risk *your* wings
They tore the great heart out of things.
In paths wherein *your* shoes had burned
They went unsandaled, and returned,
And left you of their thousandth part
What constitutes *your* "finer art."

Joseph Dana Miller.

LITERARY CONQUEST AND THE IDEA IN THE AIR

Very few weeks pass in which we are able to keep entirely clear of this subject of "literary conquest." It crops up at every turn. For instance, a friend will take us to one side and in hushed tones ask our candid opinion of the Brown-Smith affair. Have we not read Brown's poem "The Fiddler's Bow" in the current issue of the *Coronet* magazine? Have we compared it with Smith's "The Bow of the Fiddler," which was printed in the *Eureka* for last May? If so, what do we think? Brown has changed the metre slightly, but the idea is absolutely the same, and there are one or two lines that are practically identical. Coincidence? Nonsense. The one surprising thing is that Brown dared to do it so openly. Two or three unpleasant stories have gone the rounds about Brown—his easy manner of free hand translations from the French and German without credit—but in a case like this could he not realise how many people would be sure to notice it? And is it not the duty of some newspaper magazine to point out "the very curious resemblance," to express it mildly, if for no other reason than that of self-preservation from similar attempts? And when our friends have finished, letters from

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total strangers begin coming in couched in the same strain, and it soon seems as if all the world had been busying itself comparing the two poems and holding up its hands in protestation at Brown's iniquity. But it is very seldom that anything definite comes of the matter. For the time being Brown is undoubtedly discredited and editors will be wary of whatever he may send them. But there is always the possibility that he did *not* see that poem of Smith's, that it *was* merely a strange coincidence, and so the benefit of the doubt is given to Brown. We tell each other glibly that these ideas are all in the air; that they are in a way common property; it is so easy to believe and repeat that there is nothing new under the sun. It is your misfortune, we tell you, if the plot of Robinson's new novel—for the last seven months among the best six sellers—is substantially the plot which you have been cherishing secretly for years: it is not Robinson's fault. But there are times when it is too much to ask you to look at the matter in the proper spirit of philosophy and fortitude. Especially if you are possessed of what we like to call the artistic temperament. Daudet, who knew this artistic temperament down to its pettiest and most exasperating form drew in *Jack*, the picture of the priggish and peevish poet d'Argenton, rushing home from Paris to his ménage in the country, hurling maledictions at the heads of those whom he believed were in some way stealing and using his ideas. "What do you think? They played a new comedy of Emile Augier's at the Theatre Français. And it is nothing in the world but my *Atalanta's Apples*. Oh! It is infamous!"

From time to time when a magazine has printed and paid for a story or a poem, and has subsequently learned of its very remarkable resemblance to some other poem or story which has previously been printed elsewhere, it is thought best to write to the discredited author asking if he or she has any explanation to make. But explanations elicited in this way are very seldom satisfactory. Sometimes it is Injured Innocence who replies, overwhelming you with such a torrent of indignation that you begin to feel yourself in some way the offender. Then again the author will ignore entirely the resemblance to which you allude, but hint darkly and vaguely that if you only knew the tragedy or the romance connected with the composition of that poem you would blush for shame at having suggested such a thing as imitation. Occasionally you will find some hardened sinner who amiably refers you to Dumas's well-known saying about "literary conquest," and points out that all literary ideas are common property and that you really have nothing of which to complain. Of course, this does not apply where it is a case of absolute imitation. And such cases are by no means so rare as most people would imagine. For instance, Mr. Richard Harding Davis's tale "The Editor's Story," while published as fiction was absolute fact down to the last detail. When Mr. Davis was the editor of *Harper's Weekly* there were submitted to that periodical a number of poems which were found to be absolute copies of poems already published. The name of the sender was authentic, but the various addresses given proved to be fictitious. The most pretentious of the poems was called "The Studio," and had appeared in *The Century* some months before. Mr. Davis showed the imitation to Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, who expressed his hope that the offender be caught and punished. *Harper's Weekly* at last found a clue which led directly to the son of a very prominent city official. It promised to be a big news story, one that would set New York to talking for two or three days, so Mr. Davis sent for Stephen Bonsall of *The Herald* and together they tracked the original of the young Mr. Aram of the tale to his home in a Harlem apartment house. How they tricked and cornered him, how they wrung from him an acknowledgment of his wrong-doing, how they were led to abandon their plan of exposing and prosecuting him will be found in the story. In not one detail did the yarn vary from the actual occurrence.

The present writer was very much surprised some months ago to come across an old friend in the way of a plot. It was printed in an English magazine and the surprise was due to the fact that it purported to be an absolutely new story, and was signed by a woman who holds an ex-

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eedingly high place among contempor-
ry English writers, the author of a
ovel which two or three years ago was
or some months the most talked of book
f the day. The tale dealt with a cashier
f a bank in a small Western town who
ne afternoon had occasion to carry
bout a very large sum of ready money
or the purpose of buying bonds for his
ank. Through some failure in the nego-
iations he found himself that evening
with the money still in his possession, on
is way to the lonely house, some miles
ut in the country, occupied by his wife
and himself. That night a message came
purporting to be from the directors of
his bank summoning him back to town.
Locking the money in a cupboard he told
his wife to bar all the doors after him,
to open the house on no condition, not
even if any one came claiming to have a
message from him, and then wrapping
himself in a great coat went out into the
rising storm. An hour passed. Sud-
denly there came a rapping at the door
and a piteous voice begging for shelter.
It was a tramp who said that he was
freezing in the snow. The woman told
him that she was alone and could not let
him in, whereupon he asked if there
were not some outhouse in which he
might sleep. Her heart was softened by
his accents of suffering and she finally
spoke of the wood-shed adjoining the
kitchen, and warmed by the kitchen stove,
and told him that he might pass the night
there if he would wait until she had un-
locked the outer door of the wood-shed,
and locked again the door leading back
into the kitchen. The tramp gave his
promise, but by way of precaution she
ran upstairs and looked out of a window
to see that he was not trying to rush in
when she opened the door. The tramp
was sitting quietly in the snow, so she
slipped down, opened the wood-shed, and
hurrying back locked all the doors be-
tween them. Another hour passed. All
at once above the raging of the storm she
heard the sound of voices followed by a
beating at the door and a demand for ad-
mittance. With her heart beating fast
she called "John, get down the gun," but
this was met by a jeering laugh from
without and a hoarse voice crying "We
know there is no John. We got your
husband away by a decoy letter and we
know that you are alone," and with a
crash the blade of an ax tore its way
through the barred door. The woman,
helpless and in desperation suddenly
thought of the tramp. She rushed
through the kitchen into the wood-shed
and called to him. "Can you shoot?" she
asked. He said he could. "Then take
this Winchester and, as you are a man,
shoot down the first one that enters that
door." Under repeated blows of the axe
the door gave way and the leader of the
robbers, his face covered by a black mask,
rushed in. The tramp fired and the man
fell dead. The mask slipped from his
face. It was her husband who had taken
this means of getting the bank's money
and averting suspicion from himself. It
cannot be deemed that the talented author
in question had here an excellent plot for
a dramatic story, only a good many people
preferred it about fourteen or fifteen
years ago, when it originally appeared in
the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. In strict
justice, however, it should be pointed
out that the story is one which may
have been told of a winter's evening to
the author in question and that she used it
simply because it was good material and
without the knowledge that it had pre-
viously appeared in print.

The following is a case of a very differ-
ent nature. By no possibility could one
treat it in the light of conscious or un-
conscious imitation, and yet it illustrates
admirably the workings of the literary
mind and the making use of the idea in
the air. One of the most striking char-
acters of Miss Ellen Glasgow's recent
novel *The Deliverance* is a venerable aris-
tocratic lady of the old South, to whom,
one dark day during the Civil War, the
news of her beloved husband's death at
the front brought sudden blindness and
paralysis. From the knowledge of her
other misfortunes, the loss of the family
estates and the fall of the cause of the
Confederacy, she was happily spared.
Those about her guarded her and lied to
her with loving solicitude. Although they
were living in a rude cabin she was never
allowed to know that it was not the
stately home of her early married life.
Every luxury to which she had been ac-
customed was supplied to her. She be-
lieved to the end of her days in her
slaves and her lands. Finally for her
ears they had invented another ending to

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the war. Victory after victory won by Lee and Longstreet and Beauregard had led to the triumph of the South and the Confederacy was an established fact. It is a striking and effective story, but place it side by side with "The Siege of Berlin" of Alphonse Daudet. The French tale tells of one Colonel Jouve, an old cuirassier, who at the time of the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War is stricken down by apoplexy because he has seen the name of Napoleon appended to the bulletin announcing the defeat of Wissembourg. The physician called to attend him finds him under the care of his grand-daughter in an apartment on the Champs Elysées which they have taken for the purpose of witnessing the triumphal re-entry of the French troops. A day or two later the condition of the old warrior is much ameliorated by the first report of the battle of Reichshoffen, which tells of a great victory, twenty thousand Prussians slain, the Prince Royal a prisoner. When the true news of the disastrous battle arrives they dare not tell him and then begin the long weeks of deception in which the grand-daughter and the physicians are conspirators. While France is staggering under defeat they are pouring into his ear tales of glorious victory. They compose for his benefit letters from his son at the front, they invent for him stories of battles on German plains, and by means of little flags pinned on the map of Germany build up for his eyes and ears the details of a glorious campaign. The time comes when Paris is invested and one day the old colonel is startled by the booming of the Prussian guns. They soothe him by saying that another victory has been won before Berlin and that the noise he hears is the firing at the Invalides in its honour. During all the horrors of the siege they manage to keep him supplied with the little luxuries to which he has been accustomed, although there is nothing for anyone else. Sometimes, enlivened by his repast, in the full joy of physical content and comfort, the old cuirassier delights in telling of his privations in the Napoleonic campaigns, when there was no other food than frozen biscuit and horse flesh. "Do you know what that means, child? We ate horse flesh!" She knew very well. For two months she has tasted no other meat Finally comes the fatal day when th Prussians are to make their triumpha entry into Paris. An inkling of the mo mentous news reaches the old man, bu to his mind it means the re-entry of th victorious French troops, so cunningly he arrays himself in his uniform of ar old cuirassier of Milhaud and slips silently out on the balcony. He is amazed tc find the avenue so wide and still, the houses closed and only white flags with red crosses in sight.

For a moment he must have believed he had made a mistake—but, no! yonder, behind the Arc de Triomphe, issued an indistinct rattle, a black line advanced steadily into the morning light. Then by degrees the tops of helmets could be seen flashing in the sunlight, and the drums of Jena began to beat. And then beneath the Arc de l'Etoile, accented by the rhythmic tramp of the regiments and the clashing of sabres, resounded the triumphal strains of Schubert. Then through the dismal silence was heard a terrible cry, "To arms! to arms! the Prussians!" and the four Uhlans of the advance guard, looking towards the balcony above, saw the majestic figure of an old man reeling, his arms outstretched. He fell heavily. This time the shock had indeed proved fatal. Colonel Jouve was dead.

From time to time THE BOOKMAN has called attention to the different forms under which a certain seed idea—briefly, that of a man walling up his enemy in a tomb and leaving him there to perish—has reappeared in fiction. This idea gave Balzac "La Grande Bretêche;" Poe, "The Cask of Amontillado;" Mrs. Wharton, "The Duchess at Prayer;" Conan Doyle, "The New Catacomb." And there undoubtedly have been others. Another seed idea which has had a number of literary incarnations is that which Mrs. Shelley used in *Frankenstein.* Probably back in the days of the grandeur that was Rome and the glory that was Greece men liked to dwell in imagination on the fantastic thought of building a monster out of odds and ends and endowing it with life. It is a weird conception as common to all men of all kinds as were the sorceries of the East to the story spinners of *The Arabian Nights.* The human mind can give it precisely the same amount of credence as it gives to the utterance of magic words, the

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transformation of men and women into the beasts of the field, and the rubbing of the wonderful lamp of Aladdin. But the Western world demands that when the obviously supernatural is seriously used as the basis of fiction it be accompanied by at least a suggestion of the scientific. Frankenstein was no mere sorcerer, he was a medical student who through a series of strange experiments had stumbled upon the secret of endowing the inanimate with life. Since Mrs. Shelley's day this Frankenstein idea has been made use of time and time again. In almost all the stories of recent years it has been linked with Egyptology. A man buys or kidnaps a mummy on the banks of the Nile, carries it with him to some obscure corner of England, brings it back to life by virtue of some strange secret known only to himself, and uses it to his own iniquitous ends. This was the basis of Conan Doyle's grewsome tale "Lot No. 249." It was substantially the basis of Mr. Bram Stoker's recent *The Jewel of Seven Stars.* It has been the basis of other tales of other climes and days, times beyond computation. They are all merely variations of the old, old idea—the idea in the air.

Stanhope Searles.

THE LOVE OF AZALEA*

By Onoto Watanna

IN THREE PARTS—PART II

She ran all the way home. She wanted her step-mother's consent as quickly as possible, so that she might hasten back to the minister.

Her breathless words astounded Madame Yamada.

"That barbarous, beautiful priest wishes to marry me," she announced in one breath.

Madame Yamada's lips fell apart.

"What do you mean?" she inquired roughly.

"That's right—right!" cried the girl, clasping her hands excitedly. "Oh, I am the happiest girl in all Japan!"

Her step-mother extended a long finger and struck it at the girl's breast.

"What! The foreign devil wants to marry you?"

Madame Yamada was excited, agitated, above all delighted. The gods were favouring her. Here was a solution to all their difficulties.

"Breathe not a word to anyone of this, my daughter," she said, "but hasten back with the speed of wings to the house of the barbarian. Bring him here, and we will go at once to the next town and have a private ceremony there. The Nakoda Okido must not suspect."

Azalea swung her sleeves coquettishly.

"Oh," she said, airily, "we will not make Japanese marriage, step-mother." She clasped her hands behind her and raised her head with childish dignity and pride.

"I am to be an American lady. Therefore we will marry in American fashion."

"How is that?" asked Madame Yamada, mystified.

"Oh, you don't understand," said Azalea pityingly, "but I do. He told me once how they marry. Just pray, bend head like this, and knees like this, hold hands tight—so, mother-in-law; and then the priest prays on top of the heads and the bride is given a ring—big and shining—very fine. That's the way they marry."

"They do not exchange the marriage cup?" questioned her mother, horrified.

"No—there are no marriage cups. Also to marry that foreign way, I have got to be Kirishitan.

"Ah-h! I see. You will turn convert?"

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"I am already. I wish already to be so," said the girl simply.

An idea flashed swiftly across the mind of Madame Yamada—a brilliant idea.

"Good!" she said. "It is well for a maiden to be of the same religion as the man she marries. But do not let it be known till the ceremony is over. Then throw away your ancestral tablets. You will have no further use for them.

Azalea paled a trifle. She was not ignorant of the effect of such an action. One who renounces the tablets of his ancestor she knew is in popular opinion forever lowered. One might attend the church meetings of the Kirishitans, one might even affiliate with the foreigners; but it is only when one has openly declared oneself for the new religion and, in defiance of the old, destroyed the sacred symbols, the ancestral tablets, that one becomes an outcast. Yet it was necessary, surely. It was not possible without hypocrisy to acknowledge the new God, and still in secret cherish the tablets of the old.

Well, what were the tablets to her now?

Her husband's love, the new God's strength, would stand between her and shield her from her enemies. Azalea smiled bravely at her step-mother.

"Yes," she said, "if my honourable husband requires it, I will throw away the tablets."

They were married in the little mission church on the hill. An old and venerable missionary officiated.

The church was quite crowded, for Madame Yamada had spread the news about the town, in anticipation of its effect upon the community. She herself wept unceasingly throughout the ceremony, never once uncovering her shamed face buried in the sleeve of her kimona. Truly, thought her neighbours, the good Madame Yamada was distressed by this action of her step-daughter.

When, after it was all over, Azalea's friends turned their heads from her or looked askance at her, the girl simply lifted her eyes to her husband. The look of wistful apprehension that a moment before had clouded them vanished. Her face became radiant. She clung to his sleeve like a child, proudly, gayly. But when, after proceeding a few steps in the direction of her new home, she realized that they were being followed, a feeling of recklessness and defiance assailed her. She stopped suddenly and dipped her hand down into the long sleeve of her marriage gown. She hardly looked at what she had drawn out, but raising her hand suddenly she threw the tablets in the direction of the little river in the valley below. The noise of their fall upon the rocks frightened her. She covered her ears with her hands and stood trembling in the sunny light. Then she became conscious of the fact that those who had followed her had suddenly, and it seemed, silently, disappeared. She stood alone with the man, her husband. For a moment he seemed a stranger. That momentary blind impulse, she knew, cut her off forever from her kind. Publicly she had insulted her ancestors. She had chosen between them and this tall white stranger whom she scarcely dared to look at now. The silent departure of those who had followed her told more eloquently than any outcry could have done the resentment of her people.

Azalea looked about her dazedly. Suppose, after all, her friends spoke truly? Suppose this new God was in reality an evil spirit? Had she not felt its subtle influence upon her? When in memory could she recall the time that her whole being had thrilled and glowed with emotions and feelings so strange and new to her? Was it not the influence of this spirit which had forced her to throw away the tablets—had forced her to marry one of its priests?

Her husband stood looking at her tenderly, yearningly. He was thinking of her future, and of the trusting soul that had come to his keeping.

"Well, they are all gone now," he said, "and what was that you threw away?"

She shook her head piteously. He waited for her answer, and marvelled that she, who had gone through the marriage ceremony in such a brave and happy spirit, was now so white and trembling. Surely, she had not begun to fear him? Poor little frightened bride!

"I din nod mean to throw it away," she said brokenly. "I coon nod help me."

"Oh, you are trembling about what you threw away? Well, let me go after it. Such a little mite of a hand cannot fling very far."

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"No, no," she said, catching at his eeve, "do not touch it. The gods may unish you also."

He enclosed her hands in his, and ooked at her very seriously.

"You must not talk of 'the gods,' my ife. It sounds pagan, and I am going o cure you of the habit."

"Yes, yes," she said, and now she was lmost sobbing; "pray you do so, ple-ase. am most ignorant girl in all the whole orl'. I like know about those gods. 'ray tell me truth, will you not?"

He could not understand the meaning f her beseeching voice. How could he uppose that she still dreaded the thought hat he was a priest of a possible evil pirit? She wanted to be reassured. He nly saw that she was very white and rembling, now that the ceremony was ver, and he dimly realised that in marry-ng him she had sacrificed much.

"When you look and speak like that," ie said, "I feel as if I had done some rutal act. Come, be my happy, joyful sweetheart again. Why, marriage is not a tragedy; not when there is love. Now, let us look about us just a moment, and then we will go home—to our own home together. Just see how sunny and beautiful everything is here. Was ever a sky more lovely? And the fields! What colour can we call them?"

His arm was about her and she had recovered somewhat of her confidence.

"It is a purple world," she said, "all purple and green to-day, Excellency."

"Why, yes, it does seem so," he said. "The skies are more purple than blue, and their very reflection seems to rest upon the fields to-day. Just look down there in the valley."

"It is the purple iris and wistaria," she said. "I so love them. Do they grow like that in America?"

"No, unfortunately."

"And are not the skies purple there?" she asked.

"No-o. That is, not often."

"Oh," she said, with a sudden, unexpected vehemence, "I never want to go to that America. I love these fields so purple and so green—and those skies! Excellency, you will not take me away, will you?"

He was touched to the heart of him.

"No, no," he said. "I will not. I will not."

CHAPTER VII.

Azalea had been married during a brief absence of Matsuda Isami in Tokyo. He had gone there especially at Madame Yamada's suggestion, to purchase city gifts with which to help him in his suit. The townspeople had never been on sufficiently familiar terms with Matsuda to talk with him even upon his return from an absence. Hence he learned nothing of the marriage until Madame Yamada herself broke the news to him. She appeared to be suffering from intense mortification and anguish of mind because of what she termed the unnatural defiance of her step-daughter, who had married a barbarian beast against all the wishes of her people. As if this shame were not sufficient, she had turned Kirishitan and destroyed the tablets of her ancestors. Madame Yamada declared vehemently that though she, from motives of pity, must sometimes see the abandoned girl, yet she never would allow her pure and virtuous daughters to be contaminated with her society.

The woman had not foreseen the real effects of such news upon Matsuda. For a moment he stood as if turned to stone. Then his long white teeth gleamed out between his thick, coarse lips like the tusks of a savage animal. In his eyes there was unchained rage. Suddenly he laughed hideously. That laughter alone would have unstrung the nerves of one less cowardly than Madame Yamada. She prostrated herself to the very ground and touched his feet with her head.

"Most Exalted," she said, "the humble one craves your august pardon and abjectly beseeches you to perceive her distress. That this wretched girl has abandoned you for a vile and horrible barbarian is not the fault of the humblest one, who sought with all her power to bring about her union with you."

There was an odd quality in the responding voice of Matsuda.

"Who spoke of fault?" said he. "Has my mouth uttered blame upon you, Madame Yamada?"

Her courage returned and she arose.

"I should have known," she said, "that Your Excellency is too noble to have blamed the unfortunate. And now that you have deigned to pardon me, will you

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not permit my daughters to wait upon you?"

The gray face of Matsuda had resumed its impassive expression, but his eyes were almost closed. He refused Madame Yamada's invitation with a gesture and without words. When she did not attempt to press him, he moved toward the door.

"What was the effect of this marriage upon the community?" he asked, turning to the woman.

"They were righteously insulted, and pity me."

"Was there any demonstration when she threw away the tablets?"

"Yes. Her friends and neighbours turned from her as if she were evil, as she has truly become."

"She is, then, forsaken?"

"Punished, Excellency. She believes herself happy at present, but who envies the lot of an outcast? She is entirely friendless."

Matsuda's eyes turned inward, as for a space he meditated.

"Not friendless entirely," he said, finally, tapping his own chest significantly. "She still has Matsuda Isami for friend."

"You!" repeated Madame Yamada faintly.

"I."

"But," she gasped, "she has deceived you more than any one else. Exalted Matsuda, she has forced you to break the oath you made to possess her. She is married forever to the foreign devil."

"It is news," said Matsuda coldly, "that the foreign devils marry Japanese girls forever." He went a step nearer to the woman and brought his eyes on a level with hers. "She is not married to him, Madame Yamada. He will leave her soon—remember my words. After that—there is time then for the fulfilment of my oath."

Madame Yamada, left alone, grew repulsive in aspect. Her powdered face was white and long drawn. She had thrust her hands mechanically through her hair and it stood up from her head in stiff disorder. In the hope of securing Matsuda for her own daughter she had herself assisted in putting the girl she hated beyond her reach. Now she realized how utterly vain was this last hope. Her very action but brought upon her head the implacable enmity of tl man himself, who she knew was not d ceived in her. The gods alone knew what extent he would carry his malicio vengeance upon her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Meanwhile Matsuda sent the articles l had purchased in Tokyo as marriage gif to the most respected and honourable fo eigner, Mr. Verley. The latter was act ally pleased and touched. He laughe at Azalea's first impulse of fear when th presents had arrived and reminded he that these were the only wedding gift they had received. She, after her tem porary fear, fell to admiring the beaut of the gifts. By the time Matsuda cam to pay his personal respects to the coupl only the remotest suspicion of design o his part remained in her mind. No on could have been more respectful an humble in attitude than the rich Matsud to the foreign minister, no one more solic itous for their comfort and happiness The little mission house and its pasto found a sudden, unexepected patron, fo Sunday after Sunday the chief man o Sanyu attended the services. Matsud became a "pillar of the church." Firs he won the confidence of the minister, anc later made the acquaintance of other anc more powerful foreigners in the large cities of Japan.

The recall of the missionary came like a shock in the midst of their happiness. Azalea, by this time, had learned and seemingly understood the religion of her husband. She had accepted it even before she understood it with a meek faith almost sublime. Yet, in spite of her seeming conversion, and her almost idolatrous love for her husband, there had curiously enough remained always with Azalea that small stubborn feeling of terror of the far-away "land of the barbarians" which constituted the home of her husband. All the joyful searching with her husband as teacher in the books of his people had failed to cure her of this innate sense of fear of the foreigner, a fear inculcated since childhood, when she had listened to the weird and horrible tales of an old grandfather who had once lived in one of the open ports and whose imagination was livelier than his memory. These vivid tales of horror, added

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an occasional visit to the town of forgn sailor men, whose shore conduct was ot that of superior beings, and the furıer assurance of the temple priests that ıese barbarians were evil—all these imressions were deely enough implanted ı the nature of Azalea, who had never holly outgrown her child-nature. Just s a Caucasian child might shrink in fear t the thought of suddenly being taken rom his safe little cot and transplanted mong the savage tribes of Africa, so the ttle Japanese girl dreaded the thought f life in the questionable and unknown ınd of America. And now, when she ıad come to the years of womanhood, a hrill of that early fear still remained vith her. Hence when her husband told ıer of his recall Azalea was quite stupeied.

"You are going to leave me!" she gasped, her eyes wide with terror.

"Leave you!" he repeated. "Why, what put such an idea as that into your head? You are going with me."

She shook her head.

"No, no! I kinnod go," she said.

"Cannot! What a word to use to me. Certainly you will go."

She caught at his hands and held them spasmodically.

"You promise me on that day you marry wiz me that you never goin' take me away across those oceans. Yes, you promise."

"But, Azalea, I am recalled. I must go. Now, be reasonable. These people who sent for me are my employers."

She slipped to the floor and sat with her hands clasped about her huddled knees.

"Velly well," she said after a moment. "You go. I will wait here for you."

He sat down on the mat beside her and put his arm about her.

"No, no, we must go together."

With her head against his shoulder she cried hysterically.

"I do not want to go—no, I do not want!" she kept repeating.

Thinking her eccentric stubbornness due to her condition, he said in the tenderest voice:

"I could not leave you alone now. Why, what would a little girl like you do all alone with a wee baby and no husband to care for both of you?"

She struck her hands passionately together.

"Tha's why!" she said. "Jus' why I doan want go. I am 'fraid for that liddle bit bebby."

Argument and persuasion seemed useless at this time, for Azalea could neither understand the one, nor would she yield to the other. Even when Richard Verley returned from Tokyo, where he had found money cabled for two passages by his missionary society, Azalea would not consider the journey. A less conscientious man than the young minister would have used the price of the second passage in providing for the comfort of his wife, during his absence, but Verley repelled the idea, even though he knew that once in America he could easily find funds. So in obedience to his Massachusetts conscience, Azalea's share of the cabled funds was sent back.

Then it was that Azalea would hysterically consent to journey with her husband, only to refuse in the end.

Verley's recall was imperative. Yet at times he thought of refusing to return. His many gifts and benevolences among the people had eaten away the last installment of his small salary. He could not leave his wife supplied with funds sufficient for the entire period of her illness; yet once in America he would be able to send small sums regularly. The society had mentioned something vaguely of a desire to have him lecture in the United States and after that it was intimated that he might be sent to China. In any event he would return to Azalea after the birth of her child.

All these confused thoughts and reasonings played through the mind and conscience of Verley. Yet so finely balanced were the moral and emotional traits of this young man that for a time he could come to no decision. He prayed, and then the precepts of his religion conquered. Since Azalea would not accompany him, he must go alone. Parting was inevitable, but absence was not for long.

Once again he sought Azalea. Failing to move her by the most passionate entreaty, Verley tried to make her see his reasons for his decision, which he now felt more than ever must be final.

Azalea looked up at him with an apathetic, yet tender, expression:

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"Yaes, yaes," she said wearily, "I understand. I kinnod go. Your God—yaes, my God also—he calling you—not me. You go! I stay!"

Verley now mutely enough accepted the cruelty of circumstances and sought to cheer the drooping spirits of his wife. She at this time was beset by feelings of the most intense depression, induced as much by her frail condition of health as her childish terror of the seas which lay between and separated her husband's America from her Japan.

During the last weeks of his stay in Japan, Richard Verley spent his time in attempts to earn sufficient money so that, at least, Azalea, until he could communicate with her from America, should not want for anything. He wrote articles for a Tokyo weekly paper. Even the native journalists of Japan dream not of making a living at this profession, unless they own an interest in the paper to which they contribute. The amount the young American missionary received for his contributions could be said to add nothing to the meagre sum he had been enabled to lay by from his salary. This, he calculated, would keep Azalea in comparative comfort for possibly two months. He sighed as he thought of her childish ignorance of the value of money, and he hardly dared to think of the possibility of the premature birth of his child.

But upon the eve of his going fortune quite suddenly reversed its frowning face. His financial worries found an unexpected alleviation. Matsuda Isami, the friend of his church and a professed convert, had come to him and offered a certain sum of money. Of course the American had protested at accepting any money for personal use from the Japanese, but Matsuda insisted that he knew of the minister's embarrassment, and being himself possessed of much, wished to share at least a small part of it with his friend. He felt sure Mr. Verley would sail from Japan in an easier frame of mind if he could be assured that his wife was well protected from want. The amount offered by Matsuda was insignificant, but seventy-five yen goes far toward living in Japan. She would be independent for six months to come, at least. And while the minister hesitated over the temptation, the wily Matsuda suggested that if the minister felt any backwardness about accepting it as a gif to at least accept it as a loan, giving Ma suda a lien upon the contents of his hous This need only be perfunctory, a form salve to his pride, for Matsuda was cor fident the minister would pay the loan i no time. It is needless to say that th man of trade triumphed over the ma of dreams. Richard Verley mortgage the furniture of his house, without ex plaining this part to his wife, who wa already disheartened at his protracted de parture. He was enabled to put into he hand, the day before he sailed, a sum o money larger than she had ever seer before.

The parting was heart-wrenching. I took place in the little house, for he dic not wish to have her go to the big city tc see the actual sailing of the boat, anc she at the last moment had decided against going even to the railroad station of the town with him. She wished, she said, to see him leave the house, just as if he were going on a visit in the neighbourhood, to the church, to an afflicted beggar, or one dying and deserted. He told her she was the bravest woman in the world because she would not let him see her face save with a smile upon the lips. Her eyes kept back their tears. Only at the last moment she clung about his neck and, from kissing his face fell to kissing his breast, his arms and hands, and then slipped to the floor, then to kiss, in a fashion that shocked him, his very feet.

When he was gone she closed every shoji of the house and shut herself up alone. That night she slept underneath his desk in the little study where he had worked, his large black bible the pillow for her head.

CHAPTER IX.

When the fields had turned from purple to gold and yellow, and Summer was hot in the land, Azalea for the first time in two months crept from her chamber and sat at the door of the cottage, her baby on her back. She had been very ill and now she was as thin and fragile as a spirit. Weak as she was Azalea had come to the door during the absence of Natsu, to watch for the mail carrier. During her long illness, and almost from the first day, she had been wont to turn

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her face always toward the Street shoji, there to watch and wait with undying patience for the coming of that carrier who should bring her word from her husband. But every day, from the rising of the sun to its setting, she waited in hungry vainness. She hindered the progress of her health and became feverish and then delirious. Even in her delirium she would seize the hands of the hard-faced Natsu and pitifully beseech her to bring her a letter from her husband. Now July had come. Spring had gone and the Spring baby had come. Still no word from the father to bless and cheer them in their solitude. Azalea had been too ill in those days to wonder why the woman Natsu attended her with such faithfulness. But as she grew stronger she used to watch mutely the sullen-faced servant, moving about her chamber, keeping it cleanly and even sweet with the flowers she brought from the woods. Azalea would have wished to be on friendly terms with her, but when she attempted speech with her Natsu remained grimly silent, seldom even answering the timid questions of her mistress. On this day when Azalea, by clinging with her hands to the dividing walls of shoji, had made her weak way to the door step, Natsu was absent from the house. She had gone to the house of Matsuda Isami.

The sun was warm and very good to feel. The baby, in its little bag on her back, was no heavier a weight than the discarded obi. Azalea, though weak, felt happier and more restful than she had in days. How good it was to be out in the open air once more, to look up at the wide blue sky, the abode of the great white God; to feel the touch of the soft breezes and to hear the little babbling noise of the moving trees, the wee creatures in the grass and the singing of the birds in the camphor trees.

With chin resting upon her hands she sat there, absently dreaming. Her position brought the sleeping baby's head close against her neck. The warmth of its contact comforted and thrilled her, just as the touch of the child's father had done. Ah, it was true she had waited long for word from him, but he would not fail them! That small, soft head pressed at her neck seemed to reassure her of this. She would grow strong again, strong and happy as she had been. To Matsuda she gave no thought. The one God was good and he would not permit this evil one to intrude again upon her.

Some one spoke her name, and she lifted her head. Before her, in the path, stood the bowing Okido. Mechanically, and without speaking, she returned his salutation. She was too weak and listless to feel interest in his unexpected call upon her, and did not question him.

Madame Azalea was recovered?

She nodded listlessly.

"Good!"

He shuffled his feet, waiting for an invitation to enter the house. The indifferent silence of the girl was not encouraging, and the summer sun was very hot and uncomfortable upon his back. However, he was not to be conquered by a woman's unnatural silence and the heat of the Lord of Day.

"I perceive, Madame Azalea," he continued, "that the gods have been good to you. You have a child."

She smiled faintly.

"Yes," she said, and for the first time he perceived the faintness and weariness of her voice. He inquired with some anxiety:

"You are still ill?"

She shook her head.

"Quite well," she said, "but when one has lain long upon the honourable back, then one's speech sometimes becomes exhausted."

"Ah!"

This response, he took it, might be an intimation that she was not strong enough for conversation. On the other hand, it was longer than her previous monosyllabic answers, and therefore more encouraging. Well, he would speak to her of the child. This subject must surely interest her.

"Permit me to inquire," he continued, with bland interest, "the sex of your honourable offspring?"

"Male," she answered simply.

"Ah! you are indeed fortunate." He went a step nearer to her, looking solicitously at the child's head. The projecting gable above mother and child was a sufficient shade for the upturned face of the sleeping child; but the mother must be moved from her apathetic listlessness

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in some way. So the Nakoda exclaimed in alarm:

"Do you not fear the sun upon your child's young eyes will blind them?"

His words had the desired effect. She started and put back her hands behind her head. Then, somewhat unsteadily, she arose.

"You will pardon us, if you please," she said. "We must go into the interior."

Okido had hoped to be invited to enter, but her answer did not disconcert him. He went up the little steps, and stretched out his hands as if to assist her. Madame was too weak to walk alone; would she not permit his most respectful assistance? She clung for support to the front of the sliding door.

"Yes," she said, "I am still augustly weak. So pray you, good-bye, kind visitor."

He bowed deeply to her, and then:

"Madame Azalea, permit me first to leave in your house a little gift for your man child."

She let him put into her hands a child's tiny toy.

"You are very good," she said.

"It is not I who am so well disposed toward your child," he said, "but one whose interest in it is such that he would give all his possessions to it—if you would permit it."

She raised her face, white and startled in expression now. Her hands crept out from the sleeves.

"Ah," she said, "of whom do you speak, good Okido?"

He did not answer her query, and her breath came excitedly.

"You speak of my husband? You have heard from him?"

"Not your husband, Madame Alazea," he said, "but one who would become so."

She passed her hand bewilderedly over her brow.

"I do not understand," she said.

Her strength had been already too much taxed. She turned from the Nakoda and opened the shoji behind her. Then noiselessly she slipped into her chamber, feeling her way through the room with her hands outstrtched like one gone blind. When she found the couch she tottered, rather than lay, face down upon it in that instinctive fashion of the Japanese woman to protect the child upon her back. Soon she slept the sleep of the exhausted.

Some one sent fresh flowers in the early mornings to the house of Azalea. They were sweet always with the sparkling dews upon them and they filled the house with fragrance. Azalea delighted in them. They were symbolic of the truth that there was sweetness in life in spite of its melancholy. And so, in those days, she would sit before the flowers, her little head bent above her sewing, and would attempt to fashion the garments of her baby in imitation of the flowers themselves.

The baby grew in strength and beauty, a solemn-faced, large-eyed morsel of humanity, with skin like a peach bloom in colour, soft and fat and delightful to the touch of the caressing mother.

If it had not been for that ceaseless, tireless waiting and watching for the promised letters from the father of the child, and of his own personal absence from the house, Azalea might have found complete happiness in her child. But always by day she sat with her face turned toward the West, and at night she trimmed and burned the light and set it at the West shoji, that any time he might come would find her waiting.

Often the man Okido would loiter by her house and stop a moment to chat with her and to praise the child. Sometimes he brought a little gift, and once he inquired very solicitously whether Madame Azalea was in need of money. She had answered with careless pride:

"No, I have sufficient until his return."

But the Nakoda's question nevertheless worried her after his departure. She went indoors and took down the little lacquer box in which she had kept the money left her by her husband. It had been so full in the beginning that she had laughed over its weight. Now the box was light as though empty. There were only a few bits left. She shivered as she closed the lid over them.

"Yet," she said, with trembling lip, "it is not all gone. He will come when but one bit remains."

She burned more oil that night in the waiting room for him. Through the night the bright red light twinkled against his coming. But he came not.

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CHAPTER X.

She was sewing by a half-opened shoji. he garment upon which Azalea was orking was very tiny. It seemed al- ost ridiculous to conceive of the amount f labour she was expending upon an ar- cle so trivial. Nevertheless, she worked nceasingly upon it. The little garment as gorgeous with the embroidery rought by her nimble fingers, embroid- ry so fine and exquisite that even a con- oisseur in Tokyo would have been de- ghted to see it. From early morning ll the darkening night, Azalea worked pon this one garment. Upon it she had xpended all her passion, her love. This abour was a balm, a salve, a comfort for er ever-aching loneliness of spirit, for it vas the garment in which the child was o be dressed when his father should re- urn.

Azalea, alone in the little cottage, os- racised by her former friends and with- ut the presence of her husband, found a ameless comfort in working upon the arments of her baby. She said:

"My baby came in Springtime. If it ad been a girl, she should be called Sakurasan, after the cherry blossoms hat he so loved. But his great God was kinder. He blessed us with a man-child, and it shall bear the name of Sachi. Now I shall fashion a little garment which shall hold all the tints of the Spring, and, like my baby, will be a thing of joy."

As she sat on this day, with her head bent above her sewing, she became con- scious of the fact that some one had en- tered her garden and was looking in at her. But when she peered out through her shoji she could see no one. Feeling uneasy, she folded her work and, leaving it, stepped out into the garden. Then she saw at once Matsuda Isami. He had evidently been talking to the maid Natsu, for the latter had disappeared into her kitchen. Azalea went forward to meet the visitor. He was very cheerful, though at first constrained by her sudden appearance. He inquired solicitously after her honourable health and insisted that she was pale and heavy-eyed from too much sewing. She smiled faintly as she shook her head and assured him that she was most honourably well.

"And your august husband? His health also is good?"

"My husband——" her voice faltered, but she finished with pride: "Yes, his health is good."

"Ah! Then you have heard from him?"

She flushed. Did Matsuda guess the truth, that since the going of her husband, nearly two months before, no letter from him had reached her hands? She did not answer the question and he repeated it.

"You have a letter from your honour- able husband?"

She bowed her head without speaking. It was the simplest way of lying. He had taught her it was an evil thing to prevaricate with the lips.

Matsuda appeared somewhat taken aback.

"And when do you expect his return?"

She looked away from her interlocu- tor. Her eyes were wide and wistful.

"I look for him to come at any time— any day—any hour," she said. "Always by day I look to the West for his coming, and all night long I burn the light, with its flame to the West. He is always ex- pected."

"You are a most estimable wife," said Matsuda sneeringly. "Yet has it never occurred to you that your faithfulness is old-fashioned and fit only for a Japanese woman? You, the wife of a foreigner, should not entertain such feeling."

"Is not faithfulness esteemed by all nations?" she asked quickly.

"No. The Westerners make light of its qualities. Have you not heard how many of these foreigners who marry in Japan leave their wives never to return?"

"My husband is different," she said.

"So they all say—while they wait," said Matsuda.

Half unconsciously her hand went to her heart. She looked as if she were in some sudden pain as she spoke.

"You do not understand. He was a priest of the great God. He could not lie. Ah! he was different from all other men."

"The eyes of a foolish wife are blind," said Matsuda. "What a pity that yours could not sooner perceive the base- ness of the barbarian."

"Baseness," she repeated. "I do not understand."

"You think your husband will return to you?"

"I am sure of it."

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"And against his coming you embroider rich garments for his child."

The blood rose slowly to her temples. Her fingers twitched and then she closed them tightly.

"Yes," she said; "it is true."

Matsuda laughed harshly.

"Yet," said he, "it is not your husband who pays for these garments of your child."

She stared at him incredulously.

"You are insane to speak so," she finally said. "My husband gave me money with which to purchase the articles upon which I work."

He bent his lean, evil face to hers.

"That money he accepted from me," he said.

She shrunk back a step.

"From you! I do not believe you."

He fumbled in the bosom of his hakama.

"Behold this," he said, shaking before her eyes a piece of paper. "This is his receipt."

She pushed the paper from her.

"I will not look at it," she said.

"You are afraid."

"No!"

She seized the paper and read, her eyes dilating with horror as she did so. It was a receipt for a loan of 75 yen. Her hand fell limply to her side. The paper fluttered to the ground.

What! Was the money of this Matsuda paying for the sacred garments of her child! Ah, how terribly blind must have been her husband to accept help from such a source. Her pride scorched her. She suddenly turned and walked swiftly into the house. In a moment, however, she returned, a lacquer box and the tiny garment upon which she had worked in her arms. She set the box at Matsuda's feet.

"There," she said, "is what is left of your evil money. Some of it I have already spent upon this garment. I would not let it touch my child." She tore it across and threw the pieces upon the box.

"Go now!" She pointed to the gate. "You contaminate his august home. I have always hated you, Matsuda Isami, now more than ever. My father spoke true words. You are a dog!"

Laughing softly, he stooped and lifted the box, then slowly counted its contents.

"Seventy-five yen," he said, "was th amount of the loan. There are but twenty five here."

"My husband's letter will come in th next foreign mail," she replied proudly "You will wait until then."

He changed his tone.

"Madame Azalea, it is well known tha you are deserted by the barbarian. No on pities you, because it is alleged you in sulted your ancestors for the sake of thi beast. Now you have become an out cast. Even the beggars will not ask yo for charity. Yet I—I, Matsuda Isam whom you have named 'dog,' have com passion upon you."

He paused to note the effect of hi words. She was staring coldly and ston ily before her. Her thoughts were bit ter. Matsuda went a step nearer to her. "You do not believe in my pity fo you?" he asked.

She raised her head proudly.

"I do not need it," she said.

"Hah! Your words are proud. You will learn soon to frame your lips to meeker words."

She turned as if to re-enter the house but he sprang lithely before her and stood in her path, his hideous face thrust before the range of her vision.

"Listen once again. You have come to beggary, Madame Azalea, for in my sleeve this minute rests the last of your yen. What will you do now?"

"Yes, Matsuda Isami," she said, "you hold the last of the money, but there are things I can sell, and the house is yet mine. Let me pass."

He laughed in her face so that his breath struck her.

"Every article within the house belongs to me—me!" he said, touching his breast with his fingers. She stared at him with horrified eyes. Inside the house the wail of her baby, awakened from its sleep, floated out to them, and the sound silenced both for a moment. Then she pushed by him, and still he barred her passage.

"Where would you go?" he taunted. She slipped desperately under his arm and snapped the shoji between them. He could have pushed it aside without the smallest difficulty, but he stood on the steps like one already having possession, and laughed softly to himself.

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CHAPTER XI.

He heard her soothing the child with- and the sound of its subdued cries. nally, comforted, it must have slept, r there was no further sound within. Matsuda pushed open the shoji door. ıe house and furniture were his. He ɔuld enter when he pleased.

She was standing behind the shoji, as ough awaiting his coming. Her baby as strapped to her back and she held ımething clasped close to her heart. It as a large black book. Matsuda recog-zed it. She spoke in unfaltering ac-ınts.

"Pray you walk in, Matsuda Isami. he furniture is waiting to be taken. ruly an empty house will be of more ɔmfort than one dressed in what belongs) you."

"An empty house?" he repeated. "But do not propose to empty my house. he house, too, is mine, since I bought within the month."

"Ah," she said, " I suspected as much. 'ery well, take also the house, most onourable Matsuda Isami. We will ɜave it at once."

He followed her down the path for a pace. When he seized her sleeve, she hook it from his grasp.

"Do not make claim upon us, also, Matsuda Isami," she scornfully mocked. It is not possible you purchased us, oo?"

"No, but I shall do so, Madame Azalea."

"Oh, no, that is not possible."

Her proud and stubborn demeanour ɜaused him to change his tone.

"Listen," he said. "By the law you are ıo longer the wife of the barbarian. He ıas deserted you and hence you are di-vorced. Become wife with me. My house awaits your coming, and I have sworn to possess you."

"I would rather wed with Death," was her answer.

He turned in savage exasperation and ran toward the house. She, standing still now, watched him enter. A moment later she heard his hoarse laughter and the crashing of articles within. Sick despair crept through her being, freezing her faculties. She could not move, but stood like one fascinated, watching the trembling of the house itself. It shivered, swayed and shook from side to side, as though a very tempest were sweeping it within. Then suddenly there was an upheaval, a splintering crash, and the little house upon the hill was a mass of broken débris. Matsuda, his passion unsatisfied with the destruction of the furniture, had seized the main pole of the house—the support of the frail structure —and had shaken it with such violence that the house itself had collapsed. A providence which seems by some irony of fate to watch over the fortunes of the evil, had saved the man himself from so much as a scratch. He was snorting and puffing like a bull as he sped down the hill past the trembling, shrinking Azalea.

A sound escaped her lips. It could not be called a cry. She made a little rush toward the fallen house, then stopped and covered her eyes with her sleeves. She was homeless, without means, and upon her back her warm, sleeping babe hung heavy and helpless.

Dazedly, almost blindly, Azalea made her way down the hill slope, across the little bridge that spanned the narrow river in the valley below, up another hill, and on through the fields. She had come to the house of her stepmother. At least she had never been denied a roof there.

Her knock was timid and faint. As though expecting her, Madame Yamada hastened to the door. Azalea spoke in the weariest, the faintest of accents.

"Excellent mother-in-law, my house has fallen and I am without money and very tired. I wish to come into my father's house a little while."

Madame Yamada laughed shrilly.

"The doors of your father's house," she said, " are closed to the one who has dishonoured them."

Azalea stood in silence. Even in her misery, her pride withheld her from pleading. She bowed her head in apathetic politeness.

"Say no more, then," she said. "We will go elsewhere."

That night she slept under the open skies. The shadows of the night were her only covering, and the soft, mossy grass her mattress. She slept well, as the exhausted often do, and felt nor knew the discomfort of her unusual bed, for she was close to the ruin of her home that had been, and near, too, to the little mission house. Her last thought ere she

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slept was a vague and almost childish remembrance of an argument she had once had with her husband. She had protested against the locking of the mission house, declaring that locks were unknown and unneeded in Japan. He had insisted that thieves might enter the place and despoil the little church of its few possessions. Now Azalea thought with a strange feeling of bitter triumph that she had proved herself right. Oh, if the little church were but open, what a haven of refuge it would prove now for her and for their child. Who had better right to its protection than the wife and offspring of the priest of the church?

CHAPTER XII.

The summer slipped by on sleepy wings. Autumn's mellow, balmy touch was upon the land. By day all Nature was beautiful, but at night the starry skies were cold and chilling. The earth, too, lost its warmth and shivered as if in anticipation of the coming winter.

On a certain night in the month of October, a woman, with a baby on her back, made her weary way through the village of Sanyo. One could see even in the dim light that she was haggard and hollow-eyed. Her small hands, which ever and anon crept nervously toward the little head against her neck, were tragically thin. For almost two months Azalea, the wife of the white priest, had been a common mendicant. She had wandered about from place to place, seeking at first employment and later reduced to the begging of alms. The small inland towns of Japan have few industries offering employment to women. Azalea was further hampered by the white child she bore upon her back and the ignominy of her religion, for in some way her history had followed her from town to town. Neither her beauty nor her youth were of avail to her now to earn the pity of those who feared the gods too much to refuse alms to a beggar. The wife of the foreign devil was an outcast of the gods, a pariah, a thing accursed. What respectable Japanese would lend aid to one who had wilfully destroyed the tablets of her ancestors? And so in this land where beggars oft-times grow fat on charity the pariah starved. Sometimes a peasant or farmer, knowing nothing of her history, would give her shelter a food at night, but when the morni light revealed the blue-eyed babe up her back, they turned her superstitious away. She hardly knew whither her fe carried her, so many, many had be the days since her wanderings bega Only Nature was compassionate in th the summer months kept her at lea from the chill of exposure. But ev Nature has limits to her patience, a autumn had come. During the first fe weeks of her wanderings, the baby h appeared strong and well. The out-do life in the country but strengthened i little frame. The starving of the moth was a gradual process, something whic at first did not affect the baby. But the days and weeks went by and the moth grew weaker, the contagion of h weariness affected the babe. He becam peevish and ailing. The round, cunnin gurgling baby, to whom the mother ha passionately clung as though for strengt grew thin and cried constantly. Its litt face fell into the odd lines of one age thin, pinched and anxious; for wha nourishment is there in the breast of starving woman?

After a night of vain effort to kee the baby warm in her arms in the ope country, Azalea turned frantically bac toward her native village.

She had a vague notion of going onc more to the home of her step-mother this time to beg with her head at th august woman's feet for shelter an charity. When the latter had turned he from the door, stubborn pride had buoyed the girl up and given her that almos feverish strength which had sustained her this long. Now the last strain of pride in her breast was dead. Hope had long lingered, hope and faith in the dimly remembered words of the white God, that he would protect her always —yet now even hope was gone.

And thus it was, then, half clad and almost starving, that Azalea returned to Sanyo. It was night and the streets of the town were almost deserted. But the little houses, like fairy lanterns, glowed in the darkness with light and warmth, and as she passed along she could hear the babble and soft, happy murmur of the contented and housed families. Her hunger gripped at her throat, parching it. The baby was mercifully silent, but

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weight was so heavy that she walked steadily and stooped beneath it.

Who would have recognised in this adow of a woman the exquisitely lovely d dainty girl who, despite her shabby thes, had bravely held her head so high the town? Would the white priest him- f have recognised her? She had ceased think of him in these days. She had ld herself that he had been but a beauti- l spirit whom the gods had sent to bless r for a little time only. Now he was me. Azalea had forgotten the language had taught her; had forgotten the God had told her would comfort. Her vn wanderings and the cries of her by had occupied her mind to the ex- usion of all else. Only sometimes when e slept she dreamed of his great, tender own eyes watching over and guarding r, and in her sleep she sighed his me.

Now before the door of her step- other's home she stood once more. Madame Yamada came and looked at r. With her came to the doorstep her vo daughters. Azalea bent so low and umbly that with the weight upon her ack she nigh fell to the ground. Her oice was almost too faint to hear.

"One night of shelter, good, dear, kind- st of mothers—and a little food!"

Madame Yamada's voice was as hard s her face.

"So you have returned!" she said. You are without shame, it seems. This s the house of respectable people. The Kirishitan cannot enter."

"Kirishitan—Kirishitan!" Azalea re- peated the word vaguely, dazedly. "I am not Kirishitan," she said. "The gods ——"

Madame Yamada's shrill laugh inter- rupted her.

"What! And you carry the evil book in the front of your obi!"

"That!" Azalea dragged the book from her obi. She held it up with both hands, then with a sudden, wild vehemence dashed it to the ground and put her foot upon it.

"It has brought me evil. Good step- mother, I have cast it from me. Give me shelter," and she stretched her hands out in piteous appeal. But only the blank wall of shoji faced her now. Madame Yamada and her daughters had closed the doors upon her, even as she renounced her religion.

In a frenzy she beat with her thin hands upon the panelling, and her moan- ing voice reached those within.

"Oh, hearts of stone, take then the child within. It is dying! dying!"

Her step-mother thrust her fist through the paper shoji. One baleful eye was placed at the opening. But she did not speak.

The burst of passion subsided. Azalea's hands fell to her side; she slowly stif- fened and straightened herself. She stood in giddy hesitation a moment, then slowly moved away.

Through half the length of the night she wandered about the hill country and town of Sanyo. Once she came to some water and its murmuring song evoked a momentary response in her. She be- gan to laugh in a soft, mad way as she stepped into it; but the water came only to her ankles and the baby upon her back moved and moaned in its sleep. Some- thing burned within her head. Words, words—words—spoken in that deep voice she had loved. To take life was an evil and unpardonable thing in the sight of the One God! She stepped upon the bank of the brook in shivering terror. Suddenly she ran from it as though from a great temptation. She sped on from the dark allurement of the country to where the light of the city told her of the warmth and happiness of others. Through street and street she wandered, her feet dragging, her head drooped for- ward. She lost her sandals, and her feet, in the worn and old linen, bled from the touch of the pavement. She had now lost all sense of locality. Only she knew that thrice she paraded one particu- lar street—an avenue shaded by dark, drooping bamboos, under whose shade houses of exquisite structure and light gleamed out upon the night.

Azalea stopped before one of them— the largest of all. Her hand rested heavily upon the bamboo gate; but she did not attempt to push it open. Now she stood still with a nameless quiet and terror in her heart. Suddenly, as she wavered, the babe upon her back twisted in its wrappings, and weirdly, piercingly cried aloud. A moment later one ap- peared at the door of the house with a lighted candle in his hand. He came with

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hasty steps down to the bamboo gate, and there in the dim light of the lifted andon he saw the woman Azalea. He seized her by the arm and drew her up the path and into the house.

CHAPTER XIII.

For nine days she remained in the house of Matsuda Isami. He put her into the great sleeping chamber above the ozashishi, removed the paper shoji from the house and slid into its place the winter wooden sliding walls and doors. Thus they were safe from spying intruders, and she might not leave the house, since the wooden street doors were fast. Outside her room the woman Natsu-san remained. Matsuda himself moved into the ozashiki, and from there he kept guard over the woman in the chamber above.

When first the serving-woman Natsu-san entered the chamber to serve her, she found the girl crouched off in the farthest corner of the room, whither she had crept after Matsuda Isami had set her in the room. She was numb with cold, hunger and fear. Her feverish mind could not follow the tangled sequence of events that had passed over her that night. She dimly recalled that sudden flash of andon light at the end of her wanderings, the touch of arms of seeming supernatural strength which had crushed her aching body as they carried her up and into this room of fears. The room had no light save what sifted into it from a takahiri (lantern) in the hall, which the servant had set by the dividing doors.

"I have brought food," she said briefly, and set the tray on the floor by the famished Azalea. She reached out a trembling hand and cautiously, fearfully touched and felt of the food. Reassured of what she touched, her hands seized upon the contents of the tray. She found the milk, warm and sweet, and in a moment she had slipped the child out of its bag, laid its limp and listless little body at her feet and thrust the nipple of the bottle between the tiny, parted lips.

Someone in the night put a slumber robe upon her. Her weakness and exhaustion gave way. She slept. But in the early morning, turning in her sle instinctively to reach out for her chi she missed it, and started with a cry fright and anguish that rang out wilc through the silent house.

It was five days before they put t child back into her arms. At the end that period she put her head at the fe of Matsuda Isami, swore by the eig million gods of heaven that she was h humblest and meekest of slaves, ar promised to do whatever he should cor mand if he would but return to her h child. After that she was like a mechar cal puppet. The woman Natsu-sa dressed her in softest silken crepe, loade down her little fingers with rich jewel and drew the hair, fallen so wildly abo her face, back into smooth mode. Sh moved about like one in a dream, a nigh mare from which she could not wak nor extricate her. She was but a passiv doll in the hands of the woman, and di not even move her hands to assist th servant in attiring her. But when the brought the child, she rushed upon th woman, siezed it with savage force fror her arms, and then fell to weeping ove it in such a way that the one she wa hereafter to name "master" feared fo her reason, and left her for the none alone. Thus a respite of a few days wa given her.

Physical strength crept back into he wasted body, bringing health, too, to he bewildered mind. Memory—burning, in vincible, accusing—awoke, told her tha she was about to become a thing more outcast than ever, because she would be guilty of that sin the most unpardonable of any a woman of his (her husband's) people could commit. She could not delude herself with the fancy that she would be the wife of Matsuda Isami, whatever the law might be, for she had pledged an eternal faith to her true husband and the child was the connecting link between them. Now as from day to day she waited in fear for the time to come when Matsuda Isami should claim her promise, a promise she dared not break if she would keep her child, there flooded back upon her the teachings of her husband. Now at last she knew she believed in the faith of the Kirishitan, and before that faith she stood convicted. She did not attempt to justify her actions by her sufferings. There was no justifica-

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ion in the creed of his religion. His ast words to her had been: "Have faith lways. Be true to me, my love, and to ourself. I will return." Yet how had ie kept his word to her. There had iot come to her one word or sign since his departure. If he had sent word to her the great waters that divided them must have swallowed it up. There was nothing left to her now save the child, and for his sake she would sell herself and become wife to Matsuda Isami.

(To be concluded)

THE HEART ON THE HIGHWAY

When I forget the forest, the snow by sunset reddened,
The pæan of the pine-top,
The dark dream of the fir,
When whisper of the little leaves
By wheel and stone is deadened,
Nor yet through twilight's mystery the wings of Memory stir,—

When I heed not the footfall of a dryad in the grasses,
Nor hark a pipe's note echo
Down the river's secret spot,
When the eager flame of being
Leaps no more while April passes,—
Then strike me from thy race, O Life, and let me be forgot!

When to the psalm of waters, the Sea's majestic spaces,
The heart shall shrink from solitude
And fail to answer *"Here!"*
Nor finds its royal kinship
In Autumn's silent places,
And, songless, hears no singing in the death-sigh of the year,—

When thought plods on in bondage, the din of day grown stronger,
And the older call, the sweeter thrall
Of longing is forgot,—
When through still rain the keener pain
Of loving comes no longer,—
Then, strike me from thy race, O Life, and write that I am not!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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"THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE MORMONS"

A BODY of divinity as curious and complex as that which Pascal exposed in his *Provincial Letters,* a set of rules and regulations as minute as those of the Standard Oil Company still guide the thought and life of the Utah Mormons. These comparisons are odious, yet not all the writings of the Latter-Day Saints are odious. Polygamy is an excrescence on the system; it is denounced in the *Book of Mormon* itself. The very revelation on Plural Marriage is as dubious to the Reformed Saints as the existence of the secret *dossier* is to the partisans of Captain Dreyfus. This distinction between the old school and the progressives is important. As their early martyrs furnished seed to the church so their recent politicians have been hauling grist to the Mormon mill. What the organisation thrives on is persecution, what it hates is investigation. The visitor at Salt Lake is informed that the original documents have been taken back to heaven, but recent search has discovered them reposing in New York City.

The *Book of Mormon* is still a thing to conjure with—among the Saints. As a pretended history of ancient America it tells how the lost ten tribes of Israel migrated to this continent and perpetrated a series of Kisheneff massacres upon one another, until they dwindled down to a mere remnant, the ignoble red man. The discovery of this thrilling document is attributed to an illiterate young farmer, Joseph Smith, Junior, the founder of Mormonism. Living in the same locality and period as Fenimore Cooper, he turned out a sort of religious *Leather-Stocking Tale,* the origin of which is involved in certain iridescent dreams. This "Sacred History of Ancient America from the Earliest Ages," written on plates of solid gold in "Reformed Egyptian," is still studied in Mormon Sunday-schools, while the adults in the great tabernacle at Salt Lake City sing: "Embalmed records, plates of gold, glorious things to us unfold!" They sing about the book; it is doubtful if they read it. Yet in the hands of the missionaries Joe Smith's gold bible is as good as a gold brick. If the unsuspecting Gentile grants that because this latter-day bible contains scriptural texts it is inspired, he is lost. So, except for controversial purposes, this "record of the forefathers of our western tribes" is little used. The modern editions are by no means as frequent as in the dark ages of American culture when the people of the Empire State were interested in the Cardiff giant, the spiritualistic messages of the Fox sisters, and the prophecies of Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer. But the present generation of Mormons is trying to bolster up the archæological claims of this "account of the aborigines of America" by expeditions to the ruins in Mexico and Central America. As far as the Mormon public goes, it appears that the book is not seriously studied outside of the theological department of Deseret University.

The earliest of the canonical works was then a sort of parlour ornament among the faithful, a plush photograph album containing astonishing pictures of the first families of America. The ornamental was followed by the useful. What was next called for was a more practical handbook for daily living, something to stop the mouths of scoffers and to comfort the Saints. The demand was met in the *Book of Commandments for the Government of the Church of Christ.* Here Smith is set forth as a prophet, seer, and revelator, not of the orthodox variety with unsatisfactory allusions to mere moral questions, but a leader of the people with directions as plain as a pikestaff. Thus there appear prophecies as to Deacon Jessup and the widow's cow, exhortations to patronise the Lord's Boarding-House (Joseph Smith, proprietor), and finally a "commandment of God and not of man," to Smith's financial backer, Martin Harris: "Thou shalt not covet thine own property, but impart it freely to the printing of the *Book of Mormon.* Pay the printer's debt." Smith was no fool when he wrote things like these. Lost in the mazes of the thousand and one sects of that day there were

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plenty of people who wanted to be led by the nose. And there were certain fanciful elements in the book that also played their part. As the *Book of Mormon* appealed to a patriotism which had but a slight past, so the *Book of Commandments* appealed to vague aspirations for the future. Explain it as one may, the so-called Prophecy of the Rebellion was a lucky hit. We may not agree with Josiah Quincy when he implied that Joseph Smith was the historical American of the nineteenth century who has exerted the most powerful influence upon the destinies of his countrymen. Yet it cannot be denied that the prophet had a statesmanlike prevision in advocating the buying of the slaves, eleven years before Emerson advocated that scheme.

Thus far the writings of the seer were unobjectionable, if not valuable. Indeed selections have been collected in a pamphlet which is entitled the *Pearl of Great Price* and is cast before the Gentiles. But at the time of their origin the sacred books must have had a great effect. The Yankee convert could point with pride to a bible which was a product of home industry. The foreign proselyte would be glad to obey the regulations of a church which provided him with a farm on easy terms. But what crept into the sacred writings after the Saints made their first western move was a different thing. As early as 1835, in Ohio, the church publicly disavowed polygamy, while by 1840 Parley Pratt, one of the Twelve Apostles, in issuing his *Persecutions of the Latter-Day Saints* tried to make the public believe that martyrdom meant monogamy. One year later, however, Orson Pratt published his *Treatise on the Regeneration and Eternal Duration of Matter.* This contained certain gross materialistic teachings on the "Pre-existence of Man" and "Celestial Marriage," which have recently been formed into a catechism for young Saints. It was in 1841 also that Smith issued his *Articles of Faith,* the last of which ran: "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous."

These attempts to whitewash the pesthouse did not succeed. The rotten moral conditions at the Mormon capital were described by a few of the disaffected in the Nauvoo *Expositor.* This was at once suppressed and the decree went forth that the elders should "keep within the limits of the first principles and let mysteries alone." But already there were whispers of the prophet's notorious *Revelation on the Eternity of the Marriage Covenant, Including Plurality of Wives.* Whether this was authentic is immaterial. At any rate, upon the death of Joseph Smith his son's followers, dubbed the Young Josephites, founded a Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints as a protest against the doctrines of plurality and community of wives.

With the usurpation of Brigham Young the policy of the regular organisation took a more cautious turn. As autocrat, this "Lion of the Lord" exercised a literary censorship in a manner quite like that of the Russian bear. The more palpable grammatical errors of the *Book of Mormon* had already been corrected. But the *Book of Commandments* was now called in and in its stead was put the expurgated *Book of Doctrine and Covenants.* Yet nothing was privately retracted of what the decent element had called the vicious principles of Joseph Smith. Now came the period of storm and stress. The story of the Mormons driven from State to State, suffering incredible hardships in traversing the plains, and at last crossing the mountains into the promised land, this indeed must be a moving tale to the present generation. But after this agitation the scum was bound to come to the top. So when the "army of Zion" was settled in Utah and when the "camp of Israel" had become the self-supporting State of Deseret, the revelations on plurality of wives were boldly promulgated. Young's rule was now a despotism tempered by the assassination of other people. The would-be reformers were met by a counter "reformation" in which the Avenging Angels played their part, being bound by oath to obey the president of the church as if he were God. These statements are not gathered from the so-called exposures of renegades, they are facts to be found in official church publications. Thus in the *Journal of Discourses* Young playfully alludes to his wives as heifers, and charges that Blood Atonement is the only cure for apostasy. It was about this time that certain still unsettled issues took their rise. In 1856 President Buchanan asserted that there was no longer any

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government in Utah but Brigham Young, while Stephen A. Douglas declared that it was the duty of the President to remove the dictator and his henchmen from office. Without considering the charge that this was a scheme of the Democrats to blind the North regarding the slavery issue, it must be said that the real Mormon problem arose when rival parties sought to use the Saints as pawns on the political chessboard.

To those who know the documents it appears that the pawns have been playing their own game. Thus the *Times and Seasons* discloses how, in order to please the Democrats, the Saints scratched the name of Abraham Lincoln on the electoral ticket, and the *Deseret News* tells how the leaders got Statehood from the Republicans by disavowing the public practice of polygamy. That unrivalled corruption fund, the tithes contributed by the faithful, may have had its influence here, but no one but the uninformed Gentile thinks that the "manifesto" of President Woodruff in 1890 meant the actual repudiation of plural wives. Yet there is no mental reservation here, for the Saints—among themselves—make a distinction between a document which comes in the form of a proclamation and one that is promulgated as a revelation.

Nevertheless that polygamy is not essential to the continuance of Mormondom is proved, on the one hand, by the growth of the anti-polygamy Mormons in Iowa, and on the other by the gradual disappearance of the patriarchal household in the progressive centres in Utah. The anonymous humourist was right who said that railway communications corrupt good Mormons. Mark Twain was right when he described the jealousy of the wholesale wives at the sight of Gentile women with retail husbands. But these things are not written in the sacred books; what is written is that Federal investigation of Mormon "mysteries" is Federal interference. "Celestial marriage," says the present official handbook, "is an establishment of religion. It is ecclesiastical in its nature and government. It is, therefore, outside the domain of constitutional law."

I. Woodbridge Riley.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Century Company:

The Rose of Old St. Louis. By Mary Dillon.

A romantic novel dealing with the time of the Louisiana Purchase, by a new author. In her foreword, Miss Dillon says: "My story does not claim to be history, but in every important historical detail it is absolutely faithful to the records of the times as I have found them."

Clode:

The Pillar of Light. By Louis Tracy.

Although Mr. Tracy's new novel, the successor to The Wings of the Morning, has not been out very long, it is appearing quite frequently among the lists of best selling books. In the Chronicle and Comment of this number may be found a new photograph of Mr. Tracy, with some mention of him and his work.

Dillingham Company:

The Letter H. By Charles Felton Pidgin.

A new novel by the author of Blennerhasset and Quincy Adams Sawyer. It is a somewhat sensational story of to-day, with the scenes laid in and near New York. The Letter H is another example of the singular coincidence in the choosing of titles. Some time ago Miss Grace Denio Litchfield selected The Letter D for the title of her new novel, which has already been announced by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company for publication in the early autumn.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Interpoler. By Violet Jacob.

A new novel, by the author of The Sheepstealers. It is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of "The Bookman."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker. By John Strange Winter.

A domestic comedy by the author of Bootle's Baby, which appeared more than thirty years ago, and which is not yet forgotten.

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Lane:

Emile Zola. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly.

An illustrated volume, giving an account of the life and work of the French novelist. The book is reviewed in this number of THE BOOKMAN. A photograph of Mr. Vizetelly appears in Chronicle and Comment, together with a picture of Zola's home at Nédan, and another of the original of the Plassans of the Rougon-Macquart.

Putnam's Sons:

Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest. By W. H. Hudson.

The scene of this romance is laid in a tropical forest near Venezuela and Guiana. The heroine is an original and poetic character who has already been described as an Undine of the woods. Mr. Hudson is an ornithologist, and his previous books have dealt with birds and travels in South America.

Scientific Aspects of Mormonism or Religion in Terms of Life. By Nels L. Nelson.

The author, a professor in the Brigham Young University, says of his book that it is a "new kind of 'Mormonism Exposed'—written from the point of view that Mormonism is good, and true, and beautiful; and that, consequently, its detractors should improve their judgment, or mend their manners."

The Heart of the Orient. By Michael Myers Shoemaker.

An illustrated book of travels which the author describes as saunterings through Georgia, Armenia, Persia, Turkomania, and Turkestan, to the Vale of Paradise.

Macmillan Company:

Maria Edgeworth. By the Honourable Emily Lawless.

A large number of the letters contained in this volume are published here for the first time. For permission to use these letters, the compiler is indebted to the kindness of Miss Edgeworth's niece, Mrs. Arthur Butler, and to her two nephews, Professor F. Y. Edgeworth and Mr. Eroles Edgeworth.

The Masters of English Literature. By Stephen Gwynn.

Mr. Gwynn intends this book for young readers, or those who have made no exhaustive study of literature. "Whatever is written in these pages," he says, "by way of criticism or biographical narrative is designed to awaken interest, and to send the reader to those masters of the literature of whom he has learnt enough to wish to learn more."

Scott-Thaw Company:

Our Political Drama. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop.

An illustrated book giving vivid descriptions of conventions, campaigns, and candidates, which Mr. Bishop calls "the personal and dramatic side of certain events in our political history." The book is reviewed elsewhere in the present number.

A photograph of Mr. Bishop is reproduced under Chronicle and Comment.

Scribner's Sons:

Personal Reminiscences of the First Duke of Wellington. With Sketches of Some of his Guests and Contemporaries. By the late George Robert Gleig, M.A. Edited by his daughter, Mary E. Gleig.

A handsomely bound, imported volume by the late Chaplain-General to Her Majesty's Forces. The biographer first saw the Duke of Wellington in September, 1813, when he was in his forty-seventh year. The Reminiscences are divided into three parts: Confidences; the Duke's Places of Residence, and Some of Those Who Visited him, and the Duke in his Domestic Relations.

George Chapman. Edited, with an introduction and notes by William Lyon Phelps.

An imported volume belonging to the Mermaid Series which, besides the introductory notes, contains five of Chapman's plays. The text of this edition has been taken from the literal reprint of the plays published by John Pearson in 1873.

The Poems and Songs of William Shakespeare.

A new volume in the Pocket Classics, also imported.

Sir Henry Raeburn, R. A. By Edward Pinnington.

The latest contribution to the series of Makers of British Art, imported by the Scribners. The volume is illustrated with a photogravure portrait of Raeburn by himself, reproduced from the original, which is in the National Portrait Gallery.

Street and Smith:

Comical Confessions of Clever Comedians. By F. P. Pitzer. Edited by DeWolf Hopper.

The readers of this amusing little book will be entertained by De Wolf Hopper in his Eccentric Base Ball Juggling Act, Jimmie Power, Francis Wilson, Jeff de Angelis, Lew Dockstader, Willie Collier, Walter Jones, Joe Weber, Digby Bell, Ezra Kendal, Charles Bigelow, Sam Bernard, Dave Warfield, and Pete Dailey. Certainly these names present a goodly number of the popular fun-makers.

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Boston.

Heath and Company:

The Essentials of Composition and Rhetoric. By A. Howry Espenshade, M.A.

A book designed to furnish a practical course for pupils in the high school and for freshmen in college.

Page and Company:

The Motor Pirate. By G. Sidney Paternoster.

The readers of this department are referred to the review of this new "motor book" which is published in the present number. Mr. Paternoster is an English journalist, and well known as the author of Gutter Tragedies. His photograph will appear in a forthcoming issue.

Rachel Marr. By Morley Roberts.

A powerful novel, in which the figure of strong and elemental woman stands out conspicuously. The book is reviewed in this number, and a photograph of Mr. Roberts is also reproduced.

Page and Company:

Poems. By Eugene Barry.

A collection of poems, many of them having the atmosphere of the prairie and of the plain about them.

Chicago.

Laird and Lee:

Nuts to Crack and Drawing-Room Magic. By George Schorb.

A paper covered book containing a collection of riddles, card tricks, and parlour games.

Last Days of Lincoln. By John Irving Pearce, Jr.

A collection of "lyrical sketches," the title being chosen from the first one in the collection. Mr. Pearce's photograph is used as a frontispeace, and a number of illustrations accompany the verses.

Rand, McNally and Company:

The Promoters. By William Hawley Smith.

Upon the title page of Mr. Smith's book one may read in bold type: "A novel without a woman," and this announcement may be quite enough to secure a vast number of men readers who are tired of the eternal feminine. The story, as the capital title clearly indicates, deals with the class of American men who devote their time and brains to securing money with which to promote or place upon the market some enterprise either for themselves or in the interest of others.

Selections from the Religious Poems of William C. Blaydes.

A book published by the author, who describes himself as "an American poet proud of the title and vain of its pretensions." In a preface, the author speaks at greater length of himself and his poetic gift.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Clark Company:

Pioneer Roads and Experiences of Travellers. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

This is the twelfth volume in the series of Historic Highways of America. It is devoted to two lines of pioneer movement, one through northern Virginia, and the other through central New York.

Early Western Travels. 1748-1846. Edited with Notes, Introduction, Index, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D. Volumes IV and V.

Volume IV covers the period of Cuming's tour to the Western Country from 1807 to 1809, while Volume V deals with Bradbury's Travels in the Interior of America. 1809-1811.

The Philippine Islands. 1493-1898.

Volume XV describes the events of the years 1493-1603 presented in Dr. Antonio de Morga's *Sucesos de las Islas Filipinas.* Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson are the editors of this work.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Germania Publishing Company:

Pluck. By George Grimm.

A "faithful narrative of the fortunes of a little Greenhorn in America," dedicated to the author's German-American friends. It is said to be a true story.

Philadelphia.

Lippincott Company:

Historical Tales. The Romance of Reality. By Charles Morris.

These tales deal with American historical subjects. The author begins with Ponce de Leon and the Fountain of Youth and ends with the home-coming of General Lee and his veterans.

The Challoners. By E. F. Benson.

A new novel by the author of Dodo. It is, of course, an English story, and the love element is fraught with tempting situations and complications.

The Mathematical Theory of Eclipses According to Chauvenet's Transformation of Bessel's Method. Explained and Illustrated. To which are appended transits of Mercury and Venus and Occultations of Fixed Stars. By Roberdeau Buchanan, S.B.

This volume is designed as a convenient hand-book for the computer of Solar and

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Lunar Eclipses. The publication was suggested by reason of applications made to the author from persons desiring information on the subject of eclipses.

True Republicanism. By Frank Preston Stearns.

A broad consideration of the real and ideal in American politics. There are chapters on Rational Republicanism, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, The War of 1861, Southern Reconstruction, and The Ethics of War. Mr. Stearns is also the author of a Life of Bismarck.

Richmond, Virginia.

Presbyterian Committee of Publication:

A Year in Europe. By Walter W. Moore, D.D., LL.D.

A book of travel written in the form of desultory letters, most of which were originally written for a church paper. There are chapters on European church life and church work, and on the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. The author is McCormick Professor of Oriental Literature in the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Shepard Publishing Company:

Brigham's Destroying Angel: Being the Life, Confessions, and Startling Disclosures of the Notorious Bill Hickman, the Danite Chief of Utah. Written by Himself, with Explanatory Notes by J. H. Beadle, Esq., of Salt Lake City.

A reference to the title page, as quoted above, is sufficient description of this book.

Syracuse, New York.

Bardeen (C. W.):

Fifty-Five Years Old. By C. W. Bardeen.

Stories about teachers which appeared in the School Bulletin from January to June of this year. They depict New York village school life at the present time.

St. Louis.

Sigma Publishing Company:

Modern European Philosophy. By Denton J. Snider.

A history of modern philosophy psychologically treated from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, inclusive.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order to demand as sold between July and August, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Dorothy. Maartens. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 net.
6. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Susannah and One Other. Albanesi. (McClure Phillips.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. Century Co. $1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Woman Errant. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Bred in Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. Macmillan. $1.50.
2. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
3. Watchers of the Trails. Roberts. (Page.) $2.00.
4. The Woman Errant. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century Co.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.

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3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Woman Errant. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. Tattlings of Retired Politician. Crisey. (Thompson & Thomas.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

Dallas, Texas.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 everywhere.
2. The Grafters. Francis Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Co.) $1.50.
6. Huldah. Cooke. (Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50.

Kansas City.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Order No. 11. Caroline Stanley. (Century.) $1.50.
3. Tillie. Martin. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Viking's Skull. Carling. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lightening Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
4. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Autobiography of Herbert Spencer. (Appleton.) $5.50 net.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Evelyn Bird. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Daughters of Nijo. Watanna. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Montreal, Canada.

1. The Singular Miss Smith. Kingsley. (Morang.) $1.50.
2. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) Paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.25.
3. The Silent Places. White. (Morang.) $1.50.
4. The Crossing. Churchill. (Copp-Clark.) $1.50.
5. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Briggs.) Paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.25.
6. Odd Craft. Jacobs. (Copp-Clark.) Paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.25.

New Haven, Conn.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman Errant. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Co.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Singular Miss Smith. Kingsley. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.19.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.10.
3. The Villa Claudia. Mitchell. (Life Publishing Company.) $1.19.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.19.
5. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.19.
6. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Mitchell-Keags. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.19.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Kin O'Ktadn. Day. (Small-Maynard.) $1.00 net.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
4. The Woman Errant. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Singular Miss Smith. Kingsley. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.

Providence, R. I.

1. The Motor Pirate. Paternoster. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Singular Miss Smith. Kingsley. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Cynthia's Rebellion. Thomas. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. In Search of Unknown. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Fort Amity. Quiller-Couch. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.
4. Olive Latham. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merill.) $1.00.
3. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Singular Miss Smith. Kingsley. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

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5. The Light of the Star. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) $1.50.

Toledo, Ohio.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Man to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.

Toronto, Canada.

1. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Copp, Clark Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelsen. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. The Grafters. Lynde. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
5. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (Musson Book Co.) 75c. and $1.25.
6. The Barrier. French. (Wm. Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. Man and Superman. Bernard Shaw. (Brentano's.) $1.25 net.
2. Quintessence of Ibsenism. Bernard Shaw. (Brentano's.) $1.00.
3. Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Dictionary of Etiquette. Green. Brentano's.)
6. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fat of the Land. Streeter. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Watchers of the Trails. Roberts. (Page.) $2.00.
4. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
5. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Grafters. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Olive Latham. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century.) $1.50.

Meson, Ariz.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Ruler of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Cost. Graham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) 25c.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50 285
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs Merrill.) $1.50..... 97
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 92
4. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50 72
5. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 56
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips. $1.50..... 5

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